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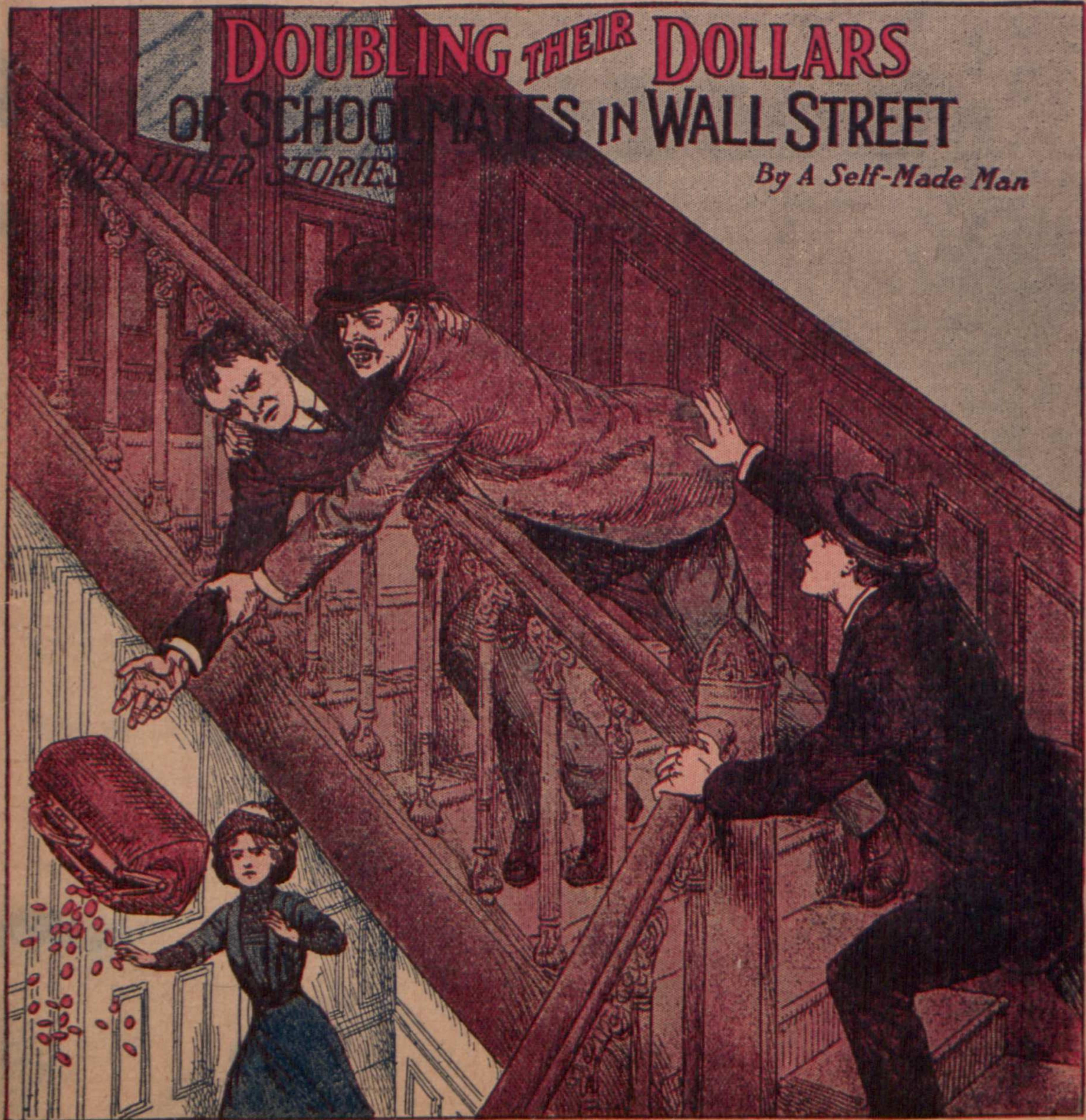
7 Cents

FAAME ^AND FORTUNE WEEKLY.

STORIES OF
BOYS THAT MAKE MONEY.

DOUBLING THEIR DOLLARS
ON SCHOOL HATES IN WALL STREET

By A Self-Made Man



Dick saw his chum struggling in the grasp of a man who had him bent across the baluster, and was evidently after the bag which Bob held at arm's length. Just as Dick rushed to the rescue Bob dropped the bag.

FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

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No. 800

NEW YORK, JANUARY 28, 1921.

Price 7 Cents

Doubling Their Dollars

Or, SCHOOLMATES IN WALL STREET

BY A SELF-MADE MAN

CHAPTER I.—The Mixed-up Notes.

"Bob," called Mr. Black, the mild-featured, white-haired cashier of Titus Dusenberry, stock broker, through the brass fence in front of his desk, which divided the counting-room from the space allotted to waiting visitors.

"Yes, sir," replied Bob Barron, coming forward briskly.

"Take this note to Mr. Dusenberry at the Exchange. It's important. Rush!"

"Yes, sir," replied Bob, grabbing the envelope, slapping on his hat, and gliding out of the office door into the cross-corridor, made a dash for the elevator.

A similar scene almost was being enacted at the same time in another office on the same floor, opening off the main corridor.

"Dick!" roared Broker Atgood, from the door of his private room.

"Yes, sir," cried Dick Ashley, springing from his seat as if something had gone off under him.

"Take this note to Broker Smith, at the Johnstone Building. It's important. Rush!"

"Yes, sir," and Dick was off like a shot.

It is an accepted fact that when two bodies, approaching each other at right angles at some speed, happen to meet at the point of junction, an impact between them ensues, with results that cannot be foreseen. That is what happened to Bob and Dick, chums and old schoolmates, as they raced down their respective corridors that met close to the elevator. The force of their contact was sufficient to throw the two boys to the hard floor some feet apart, and their notes flew out of their hands, like a pair of birds escaping from their cages, and crossed each other, Dick's falling near Bob, and vice versa.

"Holy smoke!" ejaculated Bob, recovering himself. "What's the matter with you, you thick-headed idiot!"

"Confound yourself for a wall-eyed lobster! Can't you see where you're going?" retorted Dick.

Then they recognized each other and cooled down.

"Is that you, Dick?" said Bob.

"Yes, it's me," answered Dick, holding his hand to his face. "Do you know, you almost broke my jaw!"

"And what did you do to me? My head is ringing yet."

"What did you run into me that way for? I don't see anything funny in it."

"Why, it was you who ran into me. Why don't you go to an oculist and get fitted with a pair of glasses so you can see?"

"I can see as well as you can," said Dick, picking up Bob's note.

"Then why don't you use your eyes?" said Bob, picking up Dick's note.

Neither looked at the name on the envelope, as they didn't think it necessary to do so, and thus they unconsciously got each other's notes.

"There's the elevator!" cried Dick, making a rush for it. "Down!" he shouted.

Bob shot in after him.

"Ground floor, please," said Dick.

"Where do you suppose I'm going—to the sub-cellars?" growled the elevator boy, who didn't like Dick.

"I know where you're going when you turn up your toes," chirped Dick. "You'll take the elevator down a good deal lower than the sub-cellars of this building."

"Is that so? Awfully smart, ain't you?" sneered the other boy.

"Sure I am. That's why I've got a better job than you."

"All out!" said the boy, stopping at the main corridor.

Dick and Bob both scurried out of the building.

"Where are you going, Dick?" asked Bob, as they trotted up Wall street side by side.

"Johnstone Building. And you?"

"The Exchange. How are you and the stenographer getting on?"

"Fine as silk. I'm going to marry a stenographer when I get older."

"Why a stenographer?"

"So I'll have a wife I can dictate to. So-long!" and Dick rushed ahead.

"I wonder if he heard that wheeze on the stage, or whether it's original with him?" chuckled Bob, as he raced across Broad street.

He bounced into the messengers' entrance and upset a red-headed youth who was coming out.

"Say, Bob Barron, I've a good mind to bust you in the snoot!" cried the auburn-haired lad, whose name was Micky Walsh, angrily.

But Bob was at the rail, calling for his boss. Mr. Dusenberry came up and took the note, which he tore open and read, in a hurry, overlooking the fact that it was addressed to Broker Smith and not to himself. Reaching the bottom, he recognized the initials of his neighbor, Broker Atwood, with whom he was not on the best of terms. That astonished him, and he glanced back at the person addressed and then he saw that the note was intended for Smith and not for himself.

"Where did you get this note?" he asked Bob sharply.

"Mr. Black handed it to me and told me to rush here with it and give it to you, as it was important," replied the boy.

"Look here, young man, did you come straight here from the office?"

"Yes, sir," answered Bob promptly.

"And you are sure that is the note Mr. Black gave you to hand to me?"

"Positively," asserted the young messenger, in so sincere and earnest a tone that Mr. Dusenberry, who had perfect confidence in Bob's accurate way of doing business, was greatly puzzled.

"Well, I don't understand it," said the broker. "This note is not intended for me."

"Not intended for you, sir?"

"No; and, furthermore, I'm not in the habit of receiving notes from Mr. Atgood."

"Mr. Atgood wasn't in our office to my knowledge so I don't see how he could have—holy smoke!" broke off Bob. "I know what happened."

"What do you mean, sir?"

"When I was rushing for the elevator, Dick Ashley, Broker Atgood's messenger, was rushing for it, too. We came together with a tremendous whack that knocked us silly for a moment or two. I dropped my note and he dropped his. The notes must have got twisted somehow, for that is the one I picked up."

"Well, look here, young man, when you picked it up why didn't you look to see if you had the note which was addressed to me?" said Dusenberry, straightening out the envelope. "Look at that. It's addressed to Mr. Smith."

"I see that it is," admitted Bob, in some confusion; "and you never noticed it, either, sir."

"Because I naturally supposed it was intended for me. You've never brought me a note before addressed to somebody else. Atgood and Smith will be as mad as hornets over this stupid blunder of yours, and I shall hear from them. You will have to explain matters, but that will hardly let me out of the awkward predicament of having read a note not intended for my eyes. Here, take it right over to Mr. Smith in the Johnstone Building and explain the case to him, and get the note intended for me. Then when you get back call and see Mr. Atgood. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir. I'm sorry it happened. I assure you, it was one of those accidents that happen once in a while over which——"

"That will do. Go on, now. Rush!"

Bob turned and made a bolt for the door. The fates were evidently unkind to him and Dick that day, for Dick came rushing in, hot and excited, at that moment, and they came together again with a violence that knocked them both endwise and half dazed. Broker Dusenberry was a witness to the second collision between the boys, and he fairly gasped. Both boys got up fighting mad till they recognized each other, and then they almost had a fit, while the other messengers gathered around them and treated them to all kinds of sarcastic remarks, laughing in high glee. Had they known this was the second time that the two messengers had collided inside of half an hour they would have had a fit, too.

"Confound it, Dick Ashley, I think this is the limit!" growled Bob.

"That's just what I think, too. Why didn't you

get out of my way when you saw me coming?" said Dick.

"I didn't see you coming. Do you suppose if I did that I would be such a chump as to get right in your path? My! I'll have a headache for the rest of the day."

"And I suppose I will, too. Say, do you know that you've got my note and I have yours?"

"Yes, the boss found it out after he opened yours. Here's yours; take it to Smith, in the Johnstone Building and explain things. Now give me mine. I've got to call on your boss and apologize for my part in this business."

"He'll jump on your neck; but what he does to you isn't a circumstance to what he'll do to me when I get back. I'm half afraid to go back."

"Run along, now, and deliver your note," said Bob, hurrying up to Mr. Dusenberry with the right note.

"Upon my word, young man, if I didn't know you never drank anything intoxicating, I'd think you were half shot. Isn't one collision between you boys enough for one day?"

"It's enough for a year," replied Bob lugubriously, as he caressed his nose and face.

Dusenberry read the note, dismissed Bob, and hurried away to execute the order it contained.

Bob walked slowly out of the entrance, for he was afraid to trust himself to rapid locomotion, for luck was apparently not running his way just then.

CHAPTER II.—The Boys Make a Stake.

Bob got back to the Eclectic Building ahead of Dick, who was detained by Broker Smith, and with many misgivings he entered Atgood's office and asked for that gentleman, whose temper he knew from statements often made by his schoolmate was not the most angelic in the world when he was ruffled. The explanation Bob had come to make was one not calculated to make Atgood feel very amiable toward him. The boy was admitted to the broker's private room. Atgood knew he was Dusenberry's messenger, and he could not imagine why he should call to see him, as he had no business dealings with Dusenberry.

"Well, what do you want?" he asked gruffly.

"I've got something to tell you, sir," began Bob.

"Go on and tell it, then, and don't lose any time over it, as I'm busy."

"You sent Dick Ashley out with a message a while ago."

"How do you know I did?" snorted Atgood.

"Because I was sent out with a message at the same time, and we came together."

"You came together, did you? And you wasted time together, too, I suppose? That's the attention Ashley pays to my orders to rush. Well, when he comes in——"

"Both of us were on a rush message and we wouldn't have stopped a moment if it hadn't been for an accident that happened to us."

"What do you mean by an accident? Get run over in the street?"

"No, sir; I'll tell you," and Bob forthwith explained how he and Dick had run into each other at the junction of the two corridors.

"You didn't come here to tell me about that piece of tomfoolery, did you?" said Atgood, glaring at Bob.

"I had to explain that in order to show you how the messages we carried got mixed up."

"What do you mean?"

"When we got up I got hold of the note you sent by Dick, and he got hold of mine. The consequence was I delivered your note to Mr. Dusenberry by mistake."

Atgood uttered a roar of wrath.

"Do you mean to tell me that you handed my note to your employer?"

"Yes, sir."

"And he read it?" flashed the broker.

"He opened it before he noticed that it was addressed to Mr. Smith," said Bob. "I can't swear that he read it."

Atwood said things that were very sulphurous, and wouldn't look well in print. Bob started to tell him how sorry he was, but the broker choked him off and ordered him out of the office. The young messenger returned to his own place of business. Hardly had he taken his seat when Dick, feeling like a criminal who sees the police about to pounce on him, entered Atgood's office and walked into the private room. We will draw the curtain on his interview with the broker. It was too painful to transfer to cold type. Atgood used up about all the expressive adjectives in the dictionary in telling Dick what he thought of him and then sent him from the room.

While Dick was getting his, Bob was wondering how he was faring. While his thoughts were thus occupied the cashier called him up and sent him out to a stationer's to get some red ink. Bob and Dick were partners in a deal they had on at the little bank on Nassau street, and Bob ran in to get a look at the blackboard in the crowded waiting room. The deal in question involved 50 shares of A. & D. stock, which they had bought at 92 and which was now 99. As soon as Bob noticed the present standing of the shares he got out again as quick as he could, completed his errand and went back to the office. He met Dick in the corridor, waiting for a down elevator.

"Hello! How did your boss take—"

"I don't want to talk about it," said Dick shortly. "What he didn't do to me is hardly worth— Down!"

The elevator stopped and he bounced in, leaving Bob looking after him.

"Poor Dick!" thought Bob. "I'm glad my boss isn't such a fire-eater. If there's anything I hate it is to be jawed for every little thing. Thank my stars, Mr. Dusenberry isn't a man of that sort. He never hauls an employee over the coals unless the party deserves it, like I did to-day, for I should have looked at that note when I picked it up to make sure it was the one that belonged to me. However, it can't be helped now. It was a slip on my part, and I'm lucky to get out of the matter as easily as I have."

Bob re-entered his office and sat down. Both boys, as we have said, were old schoolmates, though not so very old, either, as they had only been out of school about two years, during which time they had been working as messengers in Wall Street. They had lived on the same block in Harlem for years, had attended both the grammar and the high school together, and had always been in the same class, for their mental attainments were pretty nearly on a par.

They had been friends and chums from the

first, and though they had had many scraps together, no real fight had ever marred their friendship. Had the neighbors been up in classical fiction; the boys would probably have been dubbed as a modern edition of Damon and Pythias. At the present stage of the game they were greater friends than ever. Happening to look at the clock, Bob saw that it was half-past twelve. He jumped up and went into the counting-room, to the corner occupied by the office stenographer, to ask her what she wanted him to get her for her lunch.

The young lady, who was quite a pretty and bright-looking girl, seldom went out in the middle of the day, and Bob regarded it as part of his duty to fetch her lunch for her from the quick-lunch house on Pine street, which place he could easily reach by way of the back stairs, or through the main corridor if he went down the elevator.

"Well, Miss Carson, what are you going to have to-day?" he asked, with his customary smile, when he reached her table where she was busily employed at her machine. "Humming-birds on toast, with angel cake, or what?"

"I want something more substantial than that, Bob," she laughed. "You may get me a couple of tongue sandwiches—"

"Tongue, eh?" grinned Bob. "Girls generally have all the tongue they need without sending out for more."

"Aren't you the horrid boy! I'm sure I don't annoy anybody in this office with my tongue," she said.

"There are exceptions to every rule. Two tongue sandwiches. What else?"

"A piece of apple pie, and see that you get a piece of cheese with it. Yesterday the man omitted to send any."

"Apple pie and a piece of cheese. What kind of cheese—Limburger, or—"

"Don't be ridiculous!"

"What else?"

"Nothing else from outside. Here's the money. You may bring my little oil stove out of the wash room if you want."

Bob brought the stove and the rest of the paraphernalia for making tea, and lit the former, putting the water on to boil. Then he went out to the lunch house and filled Miss Carson's order. When he got back the cashier had a note waiting for him to take to the Exchange. He put on his hat and went out with it.

While at the Exchange he saw that A. & D. had gone up to 101. He concluded that that was as far as he would risk the deal, for the price was likely to drop back at any moment. Accordingly, without any consultation with his partner, Dick, he rushed up to the little bank and ordered the shares to be sold. They were disposed of inside of fifteen minutes at 101 3-8, which gave the boys a profit of \$450. Half an hour later the price was broken by a bull raid and was rapidly beaten down to 95. Dick was in the Exchange when the slump came on, and he had a fit.

"There goes half of our profit," he muttered. "That's what we get by holding on too long. We ought to have sold out the first thing this morning."

"That's the way speculators always feel when

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they get nipped, though they had turned down half a dozen chances beforehand to get out winners. However, Dick was something of a philosopher. He never worried much over spilled milk.

"Better luck next time," was his motto.

"Maybe the price will recover this afternoon," was the thought that consoled him.

At any rate, if the stock didn't drop any lower, he and his partner stood to win \$150, and that was better than nothing. He ran into Bob at the entrance to the building. We don't mean to say that he collided with him again. They came together unexpectedly from opposite directions.

"We're on the edge of the soup, Bob," said Dick.

"How?" asked Bob.

"A. & D. has dropped six points. It happened while I was in the Exchange."

"Six points, eh? What do you care?" asked Bob coolly.

"What do I care? Why, that represents a loss of \$150 to each of us."

"I don't see it."

"Oh, you see it, all right. Hadn't you better sell right away and save the balance in sight?"

"I haven't anything to sell. I got rid of our stock around 101 about an hour ago, so we are quite safe on the deal."

"Is that a fact?" exclaimed Dick, in pleased surprise.

"Yes, it's a fact. Now run along, for I'm in a hurry."

The boys separated, Dick feeling now that their luck repaid him for the run-in he had had with his employer.

CHAPTER III.—The Explosion and the Tin Box.

When business was through for the day with the two boys, they met down at the main entrance of the building and started up Wall street together on their way home.

"Well, what did Atgood do to you?" asked Bob.

"He did a lot of jawing, and told me that if such a thing happened again, he'd fire me," replied Dick.

"He wouldn't get a better messenger by firing you."

"That doesn't cut any ice with him. He'd have the satisfaction of bouncing me. What did Dusenberry say to you?"

"Nothing more than I deserved."

"Why, we weren't to blame."

"Yes, we were."

"How?"

"We should have looked at the envelopes when we picked them up to see that we each had the one that belonged to us."

"But I found yours close beside me and naturally supposed it belonged to me."

"Half of the mistakes made in this world is because people take things for granted. Hereafter you and I will know better."

By that time they had reached Broadway. The hands of Trinity clock facing them pointed to the hour of four. As they started to cross the street toward the Empire Building, which affords direct communication with both the Sixth and Ninth avenue elevated roads, they heard a smothered explosion from the upper floor of one of the

buildings, followed by the crash of glass. A window pane in fragments came through the air, which was filled with fine glass particles, and small-sized pieces as well. Bob and Dick, in common with all the passers-by, looked upward and saw a cloud of smoke float out of a third-story window.

"There's a fire!" shouted Bob. "Come on up and help."

The smoke-cloud floated away and was not followed by any more. The boys didn't notice that as they dashed into the entrance and ran up the stairs instead of waiting for an elevator. When they reached the front corridor of the third floor they found a score of clerks and others gathered about the door of an office looking in through the hole left by the pane which had been blown out.

The boys pushed to the fore and looked in, too. They saw an office furnished with a desk, a rug, chairs, safe, and other things one might expect to see in such a place. On the floor lay an old, well-dressed man, his face blackened by powder, and apparently just reviving from a shock. Bob tried the door, but it was locked, and it was that fact which kept the crowd out. None of them seemed to have thought of putting his hand inside and turning the key. Bob did it in a jiffy and he and Dick were swept in by the others behind. The boys rushed to the dazed man and raised him up. Dick took off his hat and began fanning him.

"Keep back, gentlemen," said Bob, "and let him have air."

The crowd, however, had been rapidly growing in proportions, and those in front could not keep back had they been minded to, and they formed a solid wall of humanity close to the prostrate man and the two boys. At last the man came to sufficiently to speak.

"Put those people out," he said. "If they won't go, call the police."

Dick got up and told the people to retire. He might as well have tried to stop the incoming tide from flowing. At this point the policeman on the beat pushed his way in and came forward.

"What's happened here?" he asked. "An explosion?"

"Yes," said the old man, "that's what it was. Some miscreant sent me an infernal machine in the shape of a long, narrow box labeled 'Securities.' It came by the Adams Express a short time ago. When I started to open it, the thing burst with a loud report, and that's all I knew for a while."

"Where's the remains of the box?" asked the officer.

"On the floor, if anywhere. Put the crowd out and then look for it."

The policeman was a big man, as most Broadway cops are, and he tackled the crowd in a way that induced them to recede to the door. Dick helped him, and, shutting the shattered door, turned the key and so interposed a barrier against further invasion. The crowd, as many of them as could get about the door, remained looking into the room. By that time Bob had got the tenant on his feet, brushed him off, and placed him in his pivot chair before his desk. The officer was picking up the fragments of papers and the few splintered remains of the box he found on the floor.

"Who are you, boy?" asked the old man, looking at Bob.

"My name is Bob Barron. I am employed by a Wall Street broker."

"Were you in the building when the explosion happened?"

"No; my friend and I were below on the sidewalk."

"And you heard the report there?"

"Quite plain."

"You came up to see what was the matter and found me—"

"Lying on the floor, seemingly insensible."

The old man looked around.

"Ah! I see the window was blown out as well as the glass half of the door," he said. "It must have been a powerful explosive. I marvel that I should have escaped with apparently little injury."

"That's right, sir," nodded Bob. "It's a wonder you were not killed or badly hurt."

"I received a great shock, and don't feel well," said the old man.

"Had I better phone for a doctor, sir?"

"No, no; it isn't necessary."

"If there is anything my friend and myself can do for you, just speak the word."

The old man's eyes rested on a japanned box that stood on his desk. Then he hurriedly pulled his watch from his pocket and looked at it.

"Twenty minutes past four," he said. "You can do me a great favor, young man."

"I'm at your service."

"That box ought to be delivered at the office of John Bradshaw, lawyer, before five o'clock. His office is in the Imperial Building, Montgomery street, Jersey City. Do you think you can take it there in half an hour?"

"I think so."

"It contains very important legal papers. Here is a dollar to pay your expenses, and if you will come here any time to-morrow, between ten and four, I'll pay you well for the service."

"I don't want any pay for helping you out under the circumstances."

"Put your name and business address on that pad."

Bob wrote it down.

"Let your friend stay, for I may need his help, too."

"I am to get a receipt for the box, I suppose?" said Bob.

"Perhaps you had better; but don't leave the box with anybody but the lawyer."

"What kind of looking man is he?"

The old man described his appearance.

"And your name is—" said Bob, taking up the box.

"Peter Pringle. I'm a money-lender."

Bob started on his errand, leaving Dick behind with the money-lender and the policeman. The young messenger took note of the number of the building as he stepped out on the sidewalk, then hailed a Broadway car and sprang on board of it. A dark-featured man, in a derby and well dressed, chased after the car and got on it too. Bob took a corner seat, with the box on his lap, but the man remained outside on the platform. When the car reached Cortlandt street Bob got off and hurried down that street to the ferry. The man with the derby hat also got off and followed

him, though he showed no special interest in the boy. Both entered the ferry house, bought tickets and made their way on board the waiting boat. Bob went forward to the front of the boat and stood near the collapsible gate. The man came forward, but remained beside one of the bulwarks. It might have been noticed that he kept his eyes on the boy constantly.

Some persons have such a habit without meaning anything by it. The boat left her slip and pushed across the river to the slip in Jersey City. In the rush for the shore the stranger kept close to Bob and followed him up Montgomery street. Bob knew where the Imperial Building stood and went straight there. It wanted five minutes of five when he entered the elevator, and the stranger stepped in with him. Both got out on the fifth floor. Bob hurried down the corridor to Room 521, which the elevator boy had told him was the entrance to Lawyer Bradshaw's suite. The stranger followed and tapped him on the shoulder.

"You are from Peter Pringle, of No. — Broadway, New York," he said.

Bob being bound on an important errand, was too cautious to make an admission to a stranger.

"I don't know that I am," he replied.

"Well, I know it. You are taking that box to Lawyer Bradshaw. I am Mr. Bradshaw, and will relieve you of it."

"You are Mr. Bradshaw? If you are, you've changed your looks rather suddenly. You don't get this box if I know it!"

"No?" hissed the man. "I'll see about that."

He drew his hand from his pocket and hit the boy on the head with something that felt hard, and Bob staggered across the corridor. The stranger tore the box from his fingers and dashed for the stairs.

CHAPTER IV.—Bob Recovers the Box.

The blow, though a heavy one, had not landed effectively, and Bob pulled himself together in time to see the man vanish down the stairs.

"You scoundrel!" he breathed. "I'll fix you!" and he darted after him.

He rushed down the stairs at full speed and heard the man's steps on the flight lower down. The man, hearing pursuit behind, abandoned the stairs at the second floor and rushed back along the corridor to the rear of the building. Bob caught a glimpse of him forty feet away, rounding a cross corridor. He followed like a streak, and reached the head of the back stairs just as the man was nearing the foot of them. The young messenger straddled the narrow banister and slid down. The stranger passed out through the back door into an alley connecting with the street beyond. Bob was close behind him by the time he nearly reached the street, and the man was compelled to stop and face the plucky boy. He drew his slung-shot and menaced Bob with it.

"Keep off, or I'll brain you!" he hissed.

"Drop that box and you can go about your business," said the messenger.

"Come and take it from me."

The stranger held his weapon so as to strike a quick blow with it if Bob attempted to close in on it.

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"Here, officer!" shouted Bob, gesticulating to an imaginary policeman in the street beyond.

The ruse worked like a charm. The man quickly turned his head to look. As he did so, Bob rushed in and smashed him a terrible blow on the jaw, felling him to the ground. Snatching the slung-shot away, he tapped the hand smartly that clung to the box. The stranger dropped it. Bob then grabbed it and retreated back up the alley and re-entered the building, carrying the slung-shot with him. It didn't take him long to get back to the fifth floor, and he was so fortunate as to catch Lawyer Bradshaw just as he was leaving his office.

"Here is a box of legal papers I've brought you from Mr. Pringle of New York," said Bob, "and I should like a receipt for it."

"This is a late hour to send it over. I expected it an hour ago. However, I'll take it. Come in my office," said the lawyer.

Bob followed him inside, and while the lawyer was writing the receipt, he told the gentleman about his encounter with the man in the corridor; how the stranger got the box away from him, and how he followed him and got it back.

"Young man, you were up against a rascally enemy of Mr. Pringle's," said the lawyer. "There are papers in that box which that man is anxious to get possession of, and he must have followed you all the way from my client's office for the purpose of getting possession of the box. Are you employed by Mr. Pringle?"

"No, sir. I never saw Mr. Pringle until a short time before he handed me the box to bring to you," replied Bob.

"Never saw him before," said the lawyer, in surprise, "and yet he intrusted that box to you? I can't understand it. He is not the man to take chances with his property, particularly when he is aware how important the contents of that box is to him."

"He took no chances in sending me, for I have delivered the box according to his directions in spite of the trouble I ran against."

"I see you have, and I admit he made no mistake by employing you as his messenger, but I expected him to bring it here himself."

"There was a good reason why he did not feel able to do that," said Bob, who then told Mr. Bradshaw about the explosion in Mr. Pringle's office.

The lawyer was astounded.

"It was a device of his enemy to wipe him out. He had a wonderful escape."

"He certainly did, sir; but the force of the explosion appeared to have worked differently to what the sender of the bomb expected. It blew the window out and the glass part of the office door, and left Mr. Pringle stunned, but otherwise seemingly unhurt."

"It's an outrage that should be thoroughly investigated."

"The police will no doubt attend to that, sir."

"I hope so, and that the guilty will be brought to book."

Lawyer Bradshaw locked up the case in his safe, and then he and Bob left the office and the building. On the sidewalk Bob bade the lawyer good-by and hurried to the ferry, for it was al-

ready dark, and it would take him some time to get home.

"You're late in getting home to-night, Bob," said his mother, when he walked into the house.

"I know it, mother. I went to Jersey City on a special errand for a man who has an office on Broadway, and who came near being the victim of a bomb which came to him by express," answered the boy.

His words aroused his mother's curiosity, and she wanted more particulars, which Bob gave her at the supper table. She was much astonished by his account of the explosion, and had no fault to find with her son for doing the money-lender a favor. Soon after supper Dick came in to see him. Bob told him about the trouble he had in delivering the tin box.

"Gee! You were up against it, old man," said Dick. "I admire your pluck in putting up such a successful fight against the rascal. I'll bet that's the fellow who sent Pringle the bomb. Too bad you did not have him arrested."

"I did all that could be expected of me—I saved the box."

Dick told him that he remained with the money-lender till five o'clock and then got a cab to take him home. A detective came from headquarters and made an investigation, after which the door was boarded up by the janitor of the building.

"The story will be in the papers in the morning," said Dick, "and our names are sure to be in it."

"That won't hurt us any," returned Bob.

When the boys bought their morning papers on the way to their offices the first thing they did was to look for the account of the bomb explosion. They found it on the first page, and their names were printed as the first persons to enter the office after the bomb had done its work. That afternoon Bob learned that a syndicate had been formed to corner P. & Q., and that brokers were already buying the stock up on the quiet. When he met Dick, he told him about it, and said they had better pool their funds as before and get in on the deal.

"All right," replied Dick. "I'll hand you my \$500 when I meet you after we're through for the day. You take charge of the deal, and if you see a good chance to sell at a profit don't wait to consult me on the subject. Go right ahead. Whatever you do will be satisfactory to me."

"Very well, old man. I'll meet you at the entrance around our usual time, and if we can reach the bank before four I'll put the deal in and the bank can attend to it the first thing in the morning."

At the first chance he had, Bob looked up P. & Q. and found it was ruling at 88, which was somewhat low, judging by past records. It was a good stock and an active one on the market. There was always something doing in it. When the boys came together again at twenty minutes of four, Dick handed Bob five \$100 bills. They hurried up to the little bank, where they arrived in time for Bob to put the deal through with the margin clerk, and he got the memorandum as evidence.

CHAPTER V.—Just in Time Again.

On Saturday morning, about eleven o'clock, a messenger brought a package into Dusenberry's office and asked for Robert Barron.

"That's my name," said Bob, coming forward.

"This is for you. Just sign that slip," said the messenger.

"Who is it from?" asked Bob, who did not look for any package.

"There's the name on the wrapper."

Bob looked and saw the printed card of a John street jewelry house. He could not imagine why anything should come to him from that firm, but as the package was plainly addressed to him, he signed for it. Taking it over to his chair, he sat down and opened it. He found a small box inside. Opening that, the first thing that stared him in the face was the business card of Peter Pringle, then he understood that it was a present from the money-lender. Removing the card and the cotton underneath, he found a fine-looking gold watch and chain to match. The front case was perfectly plain, but the back one bore the monogram, "R. B." On the inside front case was engraved the following: "From P. P. to R. B." with the date.

"That's a nice present," commented Bob. "I'll have to call around this afternoon and thank the old man for it."

He took it in to the counting-room and showed it first to the cashier, explaining that the money-lender had sent it to him as an evidence of his appreciation of his services on the afternoon of the explosion, then to the clerks and finally took it over to Miss Carson, the stenographer.

"Isn't that a splendid watch!" exclaimed the girl, turning it over in her hands. "So you got that from the money-lender on Broadway for doing him a favor?"

"Yes. That was evidently my lucky day, though it didn't look that way in the morning," replied Bob.

When Mr. Dusenberry came in from the Exchange Bob showed the watch to him and told him how he came by it. His employer congratulated him on its acquisition, and remarked that he guessed he had earned it. Later on, when Bob met Dick on the street, he told him about the watch, which he had left in the safe.

"I knew you got a present," said Dick.

"How did you know it?"

"Because the old man sent me a present, too."

"What did he send you?"

"A handsome pair of gold cuff buttons. Here they are," and Dick pulled the box out of his pocket and exhibited its contents.

"Those are fine," said Bob. "When you see my watch you'll say it's a dandy."

"We're in luck, aren't we?"

"Let us hope our luck will continue, and that we'll keep on doubling our money every time we make a deal."

"That's too much to expect. I never heard of any speculator winning every time. How can he when the chances are ten to one against him?"

"We'll call on Pringle this afternoon and thank him for his presents."

"All right, I'm with you," and the boys separated and went on their different ways.

When they got off at one that day they met at the door, as usual, and started for the office of the money-lender. They reached the Broadway building and took the elevator for the third floor. When they reached the money-lender's door they heard high words inside. Bob stopped and looked through the keyhole. Mr. Pringle was seated at his desk. In the chair facing him was the man who had tried to get the tin box. Bob was much astonished and he told Dick who the visitor was.

"Take a squint through the keyhole, and you'll see him," he said.

Dick did so.

"Is that the man you had the run-in with?" he asked.

"That's the man."

"He's got a great nerve to call on Pringle, then."

"Particularly if he's responsible for sending that bomb."

"We can't go in now, so we might as well go home."

"I don't think it's safe to leave Mr. Pringle with that rascal. The fellow might try to do him up. Hear the way he's talking to the old man."

"But we haven't any right to butt in unless he does do something desperate."

At that moment they heard the man inside utter a terrible imprecation, and then came the sound of a struggle.

"There's trouble now. Follow me!" cried Bob excitedly.

He opened the door and rushed in, followed by Dick. The man with the derby hat and short black mustache had Pringle forced back in his chair and was choking him in a vicious way.

"Here, drop that!" cried Bob, grabbing his hands.

Dick laid hold of him from behind and pulled away. Between them they succeeded in separating the two.

"Leave my office!" cried the money-lender hoarsely, "and never let me see you again. You are a disgrace to the blood that flows in your veins. I repeat, I believe from my heart that it was you who sent me that bomb in the express package. You are thoroughly bad, and I wash my hands of you forever. Not another dollar will you ever get from me. No, not if you were starving in the gutter. Go!"

Thus Peter Pringle denounced his visitor and ordered him from his presence. The man glared at him and then at the boys.

"All right, Uncle Pringle," he said, with a wicked laugh. "I'll go, since you seem to be well protected now; but don't worry about me starving in the gutter. I'll be alive and kicking when you're six feet under the daisies. As for you, you young butters-in, I shan't forget you, especially you, my fine young gentleman!" glowering at Bob. "I dare say you remember me, and I shall take care to remember you."

With those threatening words he turned around and walked out of the office.

"The scoundrel!" muttered the old man.

Then turning to the boys, he said:

"You have placed me under greater obligations to you than ever. What good fortune brought you here at the nick of time?"

"We came to thank you for the presents you sent us this morning," said Bob.

"Pooh! It was not worth your while," said the old man.

"It was lucky for you that we did come, however."

"True; but that was an unforeseen emergency. That rascal is my nephew, though I blush to own the relationship. He is the person who attacked you in the Imperial Building yesterday afternoon, and would have secured valuable papers of mine but for your courage," looking at Bob.

"I know it, sir. I recognized him the moment I saw him," said Bob. "Do you really suspect that he sent you that bomb?"

"I do. He's bad enough to commit any crime when the humor is on him. He was a bad, self-willed boy, and now as a man he is reaping his crop of wild oats, and sowing a crop of worse."

"You ought to have him arrested and bound over to keep the peace toward you."

"Small good that would do."

"But you are in danger of another visit and more trouble from him at any moment."

"I think he will keep away after this, though I have no doubt he will continue to work against me. He will not work, and wants me to keep him in idleness. I am trustee over certain property left to him conditionally. He has broken the conditions repeatedly, and forfeited all of his rights. In spite of that, I have been easy with him, and paid him money he did not deserve; but the end is reached. He has put the last straw on my back and I am done with him for all time."

The money-lender evidently meant what he said, and he could be as firm as a rock when it suited him. The boys remained with him a short time longer and then departed for their homes. During the following week the boys eagerly watched P. & Q., but it was not until Friday that there was anything doing in it. Then it started to go up a bit, and when the Exchange closed next day at noon, it was five points higher than what they bought it at. It continued to advance during the following week, and reached 98 on Wednesday. Next day it jumped to par and closed one point above that.

"How long are you going to hold on?" Dick asked, meeting Bob at the Exchange.

"It looks good for five points more," replied Bob.

"I know, but appearances are as deceptive in the stock market as elsewhere."

"That's true; but, remember, we're working on a good tip, and that ought to do something handsome for us."

"You're the doctor. Do as you please. If we land in the soup I won't blame you, for it's as much to your own interest as mine to pull out a winner."

Bob did hold on till the price went to 108, which showed a great amount of nerve on his part, for he was really taking desperate chances with the deal. The little bank sold the shares at his order for 108 and a fraction, and the schoolmates cleared a combined profit of \$2,000.

"We are certainly the people, Bob," said Dick, when his friend paid him over his half of the winnings. "That makes us each worth \$1,500, and a month ago we were only worth about \$300. One of these days—"

"We'll be worth a million," laughed Bob.

"A million what—cents?"

"Nonsense! That would only amount to \$10,000. I mean one million dollars."

"That's one of your pipe dreams. When we are worth a million dollars—"

"You'll discharge Atgood as a boss."

"I'd discharge him for a great deal less than that."

Then the boys entered their respective offices, and putting their funds in an envelope addressed to themselves, deposited them in their office safes.

CHAPTER VI.—The Mining Stock That Won.

Several days passed and then one afternoon Dick poked his head into the waiting room of Dusenberry's office. Seeing Bob was in his chair, he rushed over to him.

"Say, old man," he whispered excitedly, "I've got hold of a dandy tip."

"That so? What is it?" inquired Bob.

"I just come from the office of a big Curb broker, where I carried a message. While waiting there I heard two men, whom I know by reputation, talking about a mine called the Moonstone. The stock is selling on the Curb for ten cents; but if what I heard is a fact, and I see no reason to doubt it, the price will jump to over a quarter before many days."

"What did you hear about this mine?"

"That it has been bought by a syndicate, the members of which have positive knowledge that a rich lode of ore runs through it. They are keeping the matter quiet until they have bought in all the outstanding shares they can get hold of. Now, my idea is for us to put all our money into Moonstone at a dime, and reap the harvest when it comes."

Bob asked Dick a number of questions, and Dick's answers satisfied him that the inside information was well worth following. Accordingly, he and Dick pooled their money again, and at the first chance Bob invested the amount in 30,000 shares of Moonstone through the little bank. The bank's representative had some trouble in getting hold of enough of the shares to fill the order, but in the course of two or three days the bank notified Bob by letter that they had secured the stock and were holding it subject to his order. The boys then waited eagerly for developments. They came in a few days, when the expected announcement of the discovery of rich ore in the Moonstone was made. That caused a general demand for the stock, and then it was found that there was very little on the market, though from 150,000 to 200,000 shares had previously been floating about the Street without finding a purchaser.

Twenty-five cents a share was offered by those who wanted it to fill orders from customers. Bob and Dick stopped a few minutes at the Curb market almost every time they were sent out in that direction, and they learned what the price had jumped to. They could have sold every share of their holdings at that, and have made between four and five thousand dollars, but after a consultation they decided to hang on for a higher price.

"It will come," said Dick confidently.

In a few days thirty cents was being offered for Moonstone. Bob heard a customer leave an

order at his office for 10,000 at 35 cents. Dusenberry could only get him 5,000 shares at that figure. The boys, seeing the scarcity of Moonstone, were satisfied that the parties Dick had overheard discussing their inside information about the mine had the bulk of it in their possession and were holding it, like themselves, for a higher price.

"They'll make a good haul out of the bunch they have," said Bob.

"They will if they let it out in small lots," answered Dick; "but if they unload too much all at once they may glut the Curb market, and then the price will fall to some extent, though, of course, it won't go down to what it originally was."

"To get the cream, we should sell before they do," said Bob.

"How are we going to tell when they start to unload? They will probably reach all the persons who want the stock before we are aware that it is getting out on the market."

"Not at all. I'm going to watch the Curb sales closely. When I see that the sales of Moonstone are growing, I'll know that the stock is coming out, for at present there is so little on the market that the sales are few and only small."

"You're right. I didn't think of that."

"You want to think of everything when you are dealing in stocks."

Ever since the news of the discovery in Moonstone came out the sales had on no day amounted to over 5,000 shares. On many days there was hardly a sale at all, in spite of the increased price and demand. This showed that every one who had some of it was clinging to it. Finally the price in Goldfield mounted to 50 cents, and the same figure was offered on the Curb. Bob concluded that it would be good policy to sell at that, without waiting for the other parties to unload, so he gave orders at the little bank to sell all their shares. The bank's representative appeared at the Curb Exchange and offered 10,000 shares or any part thereof, at 50 cents. A dozen brokers said they'd take the stock at that, and in less than ten minutes he got rid of the whole 30,000. Hardly had he stopped when another broker rushed up and began offering it at 50 cents. He sold 20,000 shares and then the demand suddenly stopped. The brokers having filled all their orders had no further use for it. The broker in question sold some more later on, but he found that there was no longer a rush for it, and he would either have to offer it lower than the market or hold on till he found somebody asking for it. When the little bank settled with the boys, they divided a profit of \$12,000 on the deal, which was practically quadrupling their dollars.

CHAPTER VII.—Dick in Trouble.

Next morning when Dick entered the office he was followed by a Wells-Fargo Company's man, with a money package.

"You're connected with this office, are you?" said the expressman.

"Yes. I'm the messenger."

"I guess you can sign for this package, then."

"Sure I can. I've often done it," returned Dick. He signed the book and got the oblong express

envelope which was sealed with a large dab of red wax bearing the company's stamp. As the expressman made his exit, another man, in a business suit and heavy black beard, came in and walked up to Dick.

"What can I do for you?" asked the boy.

The man peered into the empty counting-room and, satisfied that Dick was alone, he seized him with an iron grip and pressed a cloth over his face. Dick struggled violently, but the man seemed to be endowed with unusual strength, for he couldn't release himself even a little bit. Then he felt his senses reeling under the effects of the drug, and presently he became unconscious. The stranger took the express envelope out of his nerveless fingers and put it in an inside pocket. Then he carried the boy into the private room and propped him up in the pivot-chair before Atgood's closed desk. After a swift glance about the room, which took in all its contents, he walked out, shutting the door after him. He walked straight to the main door and let himself out into the corridor. Two clerks, belonging to another office, came along from the elevator and passed him without particular notice. He caught a descending cage and was soon in the street, walking rapidly toward Broadway. When Atgood's cashier came in, shortly after the clerks, he noticed that Dick was not around. There was nothing extraordinary in that fact as the boy might have stepped out for a few minutes. Thirty minutes elapsed and then the cashier called for Dick, but there was no response. He looked into the waiting room, but Dick wasn't in his chair. The inference was that Dick hadn't reached the office yet. As the cashier had a message that must go out, he called up the janitor clerk and sent him out with it. About this time Mr. Atgood came in. When he saw the messenger boy in his office, apparently asleep, he was mad. But when he took hold of him to wake him an' smelled chloroform about him, he sent out for a doctor. The doctor arrived, and it was some time before Dick was brought to. After Dick felt able to talk, Atgood asked him what had happened.

Dick then told him how he had received and signed for the express package, and as he started for his seat, intending to keep it until the cashier came, the stranger walked in and without a word grabbed and placed the cloth over his face.

"I put up the best fight I could, sir, but it amounted to nothing, for the man was as strong as an ox, had a strangle hold on my neck, and the drug soon put me out of business."

The broker was much concerned about the stolen package.

"Did you notice who it was from?"

"No, sir."

"Was the amount of money it contained marked on it?"

"I didn't notice that it was."

"You say the man attacked you in the waiting room and you became unconscious there?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then the rascal brought you into my room and left you there so you would not be discovered right away."

"Did you find me in your room?"

"Yes; in my chair before the desk."

"You must have been astonished to see me there."

"I was. I thought at first that you had fallen asleep there on account of having been out all night."

"No, sir; I wasn't out at all last night."

"This affair happened just after you came to the office?"

"Yes, sir."

"That was about—"

"Nine o'clock, or a few minutes before."

"The clerks are supposed to be at their desks at nine, so I suppose it happened a few minutes before any of them arrived."

"Yes, sir; I was entirely alone at the time."

"Well, come over to my desk."

The broker called up the police department and notified them of the robbery. Dick furnished a pretty good description of the man, and then he returned to duty. Atgood called his cashier inside and held a consultation with him. The broker believed the package came from a correspondent whose letter had reached him the previous afternoon. The only thing he could do for the present was to send Dick to the express office to get a line on the sender of the package, and a memorandum of the amount of money it contained. On his way there Dick met Bob and told him what had happened to him that morning. To say that his friend was astonished would be to put it mildly.

"Gee! Dick, you had a tough experience," said Bob. "How did your boss take the loss of money?"

"A whole lot easier than I expected. I wouldn't have been surprised if he had fired me, for ordinarily it would be just like him to do such a thing."

"I don't see how he could blame you. You were taken completely off your guard by the rascal. Why, that was the nerviest daylight robbery in Wall Street I have heard of in a long time. If he hadn't pulled it off on the jump, he would have been caught."

"He took big chances; but it's the man who takes big chances who wins, nine times out of ten."

"How much did he get away with?"

"I couldn't tell you. I'm going to the express office now to get all the particulars about the package."

"Then I won't detain you. You can let me know later on," and Bob walked off. Bob soon found out the amount that was in the envelope from the express office and returned and reported it to the boss.

A detective came from the police headquarters and interviewed Dick. The man's description did not fit in with any one known to the detective bureau, and it was the opinion of the sleuth that the heavy beard worn by the thief was false and assumed to conceal his identity. Of course the afternoon papers were full of the story, and all Wall Street had heard about the crime before noon. Dick was stopped on the street every time he went out by the boys who knew him, and asked for additional particulars. He was very much in the limelight all that day, and he began to have an idea how it feels to be famous in a way. It wasn't till he met Bob after work that

he told him about a tip he had picked up on D. & H. in his office.

"We'll put in \$5,000 each and buy 1,000 shares," he said. "We will surely double our dollars again."

"I'm with you," said Bob. "I believe in keeping our money at work."

They went at once to the safe-deposit box where they now kept their money in Bob's name, took out \$10,000 and carried it around to the little bank, where the deal was put through, and then they went home.

CHAPTER VIII.—The House in the Bronx.

The police made a big effort to land the Wall Street thief, but he managed to elude them, so they came to the conclusion that he had left the city. As Dick had signed for the express package, Atgood became responsible for the stolen money it contained, which amounted to \$1,000. He carried out the orders of his correspondent, and the cashier was instructed to charge the missing amount to profit and loss. In the meantime the boys kept their eyes on D. & H., and in a few days it began rising from 90, the price they bought it at, and by the end of the week was ruling at 95. At half-past twelve Saturday, Mr. Dusenbery called Bob into his room, handed him a note, and told him to deliver it to the captain of a small schooner that was lying at one of the South street piers. Bob got his pay envelope and then called in at Atgood's office to ask Dick to go along. His friend was almost ready to go, so Bob waited till he was paid off, when they started together. The wharf Bob was bound for was close to the Brooklyn Bridge, and when they got there they found the vessel preparing to leave her berth. One of the men told Bob that he would find the captain below, so the boys went down into the little dark cabin. The captain was a stout, jolly-looking man, with a red nose, suggestive of a confirmed liking for spirits. He read the note and then invited the boys to take a drink with him.

"Thanks, but we don't drink," said Bob.

"Oh, I've got some light wine here that won't hurt you; it's sweet stuff. I never drink it myself, but I keep it to treat my wife and her sister when they come on board at New London, where I'm bound for."

The boys would have declined even that, but the skipper wouldn't take no from them, and so they gave in. He also brought out some fruit cake, and then he mixed himself a glass of rum and water.

"Here's looking at you, my lads," he said.

"Your health, captain," said the boys.

As they swallowed the wine in small portions they suddenly became aware that the vessel seemed to be in motion.

"I guess we'd better go," said Bob, getting up from the table.

At that moment the schooner began to rock to and fro.

"Don't be afraid," said the captain, "that's only the swell of a ferryboat coming into her slip."

The motion of the schooner gradually subsided,

but the creaking of ropes and the flapping of sails came down the little companion ladder.

"The vessel feels as if she was under way," said Bob. "She can't have left the dock."

"By George! I believe she has," said the captain, getting up and going to the foot of the ladder. "Are we off, Jones?" he asked the steersman.

"Yes, sir," replied the man.

The boys looked at each other.

"You'll have to put us on shore, captain," said Bob.

"I'll do it. Where do you boys live?"

"On the west side of Harlem, up in the Bronx."

"You can stay aboard, then, till we get up to the Bronx, and then I'll send you ashore in a boat."

"All right. That'll suit us," said Bob.

It was close on to six and getting dark when they finally stepped on a wharf in the Bronx from a small boat and started westward toward the elevated road. They found they had some distance to walk, and meeting a man of whom they made inquiries, for they had never been in that locality before, he directed them to cut across the vacant lots in the direction he pointed, and that by so doing they would save a considerable distance. This they proceeded to do in the darkness which soon fell upon the district of scattered houses. They crossed several streets, but they did not see any signs of the elevated in the distance.

"I'm afraid we're getting all mixed up," said Bob. "We'd better stop at that house where the light is and make inquiries."

Dick agreed that was the best thing they could do. They hurried toward the building in question, which was a two-story one, surrounded by a dilapidated picket fence. The gate was open and hanging on one hinge, apparently out of active use. Passing through it, they walked up to the door.

"Wait a moment," said Bob. "I'll take a look through the window first and see what kind of people live here. This is a lonesome spot and we have our pay with us. The house doesn't look very respectable, and might be inhabited by tough characters who would not hesitate to do us up on the chance of finding a dollar or two in our pockets."

Bob peered through the unclean window pane. Seated at a table in the middle of the room, on which stood a lamp which threw the light that had attracted them, were two men playing cards. One of them, to Bob's surprise, he recognized as Harley Thorpe, the money-lender's graceless nephew. Dick, who was at his friend's side, recognized the man, too.

"It's lucky for us we didn't knock," he whispered. "That chap owes us a grudge, and this would be a good place for him to pay it off."

"Who would think we'd meet him up here in the Bronx?" said Bob. "As he's wanted by the police, we must put the authorities on to this place."

"We'll never be able to state just where the house is."

"Why not? I dare say by following the street we'll find out the name of it, and then we can describe the house. That ought to be clue enough for a clever detective."

"We can do our best about having him caught."

"Well, let's get on," said Bob.

As they turned away from the windows they were confronted by two men who laid hold of them in a rough way.

"What are you two chaps up to?" one of them demanded.

"We were just looking in at the window," replied Bob, when he had recovered from his surprise.

"What were you doing that for?"

"Curiosity, that's all."

One of the men struck a match and they looked the boys over.

"Where do you two live?" asked the man, after the inspection.

"In New York," returned Bob.

"What part of New York?"

"Harlem."

"What brings you way out here at this side of the Bronx?"

"We were put ashore from a schooner at one of the wharves and are making our way to the elevated."

"What did you stop here for, then?"

"We were going to ask if this street would take us to the elevated."

"Ask who?"

"The men we saw in that room."

At that moment Thorpe and his companion, hearing the voices outside, came to the window and threw it up.

"Is that you, Billings?" asked Thorpe's associate.

"Yes, it's me and Dovey."

"Who have you got with you?"

"Two boys we caught looking in through the window."

"What do they look like?"

"Young gents that don't belong around here."

"Young gents, eh? Show a glim and let me take a squint at them."

The man Dovey flashed a match and held it so that the faces of the boys were clearly revealed by the light. The moment Thorpe's eyes rested on them, he uttered an exclamation of surprise, and followed it with an imprecation.

"I know them. Don't let them go. They've recognized me and will put the police onto this house, then we'll all be pinched. Fetch them in. I've got a score to settle with them, and now is a good time to wipe it out."

Thorpe turned to his companion and said something to him in a low tone.

"Bring them in," he said to the two men, and forthwith Bob and Dick were marched inside the house, and into the room where the lamp was.

CHAPTER IX.—In the Cellar of the House.

"So, I find you butting in on me again," said Thorpe, with a threatening look.

"It happened by accident," replied Bob.

"Accident be hanged! You've been playing amateur detectives, in the interest of my uncle, perhaps."

"Not at all. We simply took a sail up the East River this afternoon and were landed at a wharf

on the shore of this borough. We were on our way to the elevated to go home, when, finding ourselves mixed up in the dark and seeing a light in this house, we decided to stop and ask our way," said Bob.

"That's your explanation, eh?"

"Yes."

"Why didn't you knock at the door, then, instead of snooping through the window?"

"I thought I'd see who was in the house first."

"Oh, you did? And you saw me and my friend here?"

"We did, but we didn't expect such a surprise."

"Having seen me, you intended to go and put the police on me."

Bob made no reply. Thorpe took his silence for an affirmative answer. Turning to the men, he said:

"This is the Wall Street messenger I tried to get the bag of gold away from and failed on account of the unexpected appearance of his friend, this other chap. They are also the two boys who butted in on my uncle and myself when I was giving the old man a lesson. I promised them then I'd get square with them for that, and I'm going to do it now that I have the chance."

"What are you going to do to them?" asked the man he had been playing cards with.

"I can't tell off-hand. I must consider the matter, and talk it over with you. We can tie them up somewhere till I am ready to attend to them."

"The cellar is the best place to put them," said the man, taking up the lamp. "Bring them along," he said to the two men, as he started for the door.

The entire party left the room, taking the boys with them. The cellar was reached through the kitchen by a short flight of stairs. It was a dirty and musty-smelling place, lumbered up with all kinds of refuse that had been thrown there to be out of the way. The floor of the building was supported by the usual heavy wooden posts. The boys were tied to two of these, and when Thorpe had examined their bonds to satisfy himself that they couldn't get free of themselves, the four men returned upstairs, leaving the two Wall Street messengers in the dark.

"We're in a nice fix," said Dick, in a lugubrious tone.

"Don't mention it," said Bob. "We put our foot in it when we stopped at this house."

They were tied with several loops around the body and arms, and close to the posts, leaving hardly any play to the rope. Bob tried to loosen the rope by throwing his chest out, for he knew it was impossible to do anything with the knot, which was out of his reach. He strained and squirmed, and had the satisfaction of loosening the rope a bit. He told Dick to follow his plan. Then he pulled downward and gradually worked the loops up toward his neck. A half hour was laboriously spent this way, but the result was satisfactory as far as they had gone. Finally Bob got one of his arms practically free, enough to enable him to shove his hand into his pocket and pull out his knife. He carried it behind him and opened it with his fingers. To cut one of the strands was the work of but a few moments. That loosened the whole combination and in less than another minute he was free from the post.

"How are you coming on, Dick?" he asked.
"I'm not coming on at all," replied his friend.
"It doesn't matter, because I'm free."
"Are you really?"

"Yes, and you will be in a few seconds."

Bob walked over to Dick and cut him loose.

"There you are, old man."

"Thanks! Now let's get away from this beastly place."

Bob struck a match to find the way to the stairs.

"It wouldn't take much to make a blaze of this rookery," said Dick, looking at the piles of wood and straw around them. "Hello! What's that?"

He stooped and picked up a Wells Fargo Co. express envelope.

"Strike another match and let me look at this thing," he said.

"What have you got hold of?" asked Bob, as he lit a second match.

"Why, if this isn't the envelope I was robbed of!" cried Dick.

"The dickens it is!"

"See. There is the torn address: 'William Atgood, No. — Wall'—the rest is missing."

"You're right. Then one of these rascals was the thief who drugged you."

"I know who it was. It was Thorpe himself, disguised with a beard."

"He's the nerviest man I ever ran against. I thought after his attempt on me he wouldn't dare come near Wall street again."

"He's the chap. I can see the resemblance now. You know how strong he is."

"Bet your boots I do!"

"I'll show that to Mr. Atgood on Monday," said Dick, putting it in his pocket.

"Providing we make our escape from this house all right."

"I guess we can do that now."

"I never holler till I'm out of the woods. If those chaps are in the kitchen, how are we going to get out?"

"Oh, they're in the front room. We'd have heard their footsteps over our heads if they were in the kitchen."

As he spoke, they both heard the sound of steps above.

"Oh, my!" exclaimed Dick. "There they are now. I'll bet they're coming down here to attend to us. We're in for it now."

"Don't you believe it," said Bob, striking another match. "Pick up a stick and we'll give them all the fight they want. Now follow me."

Bob led the way under the stairs. They were just in time for the cellar door opened and the light of the lamp flashed down. One of the men came down with the lamp and Thorpe followed him. They walked over to where the boys had been left tied.

"Why, they're gone!" cried the man, holding up the lamp.

Thorpe uttered an imprecation.

"Look around the cellar," he said. "They could not have got out for the cellar door was locked."

As the man raised the lamp, Bob flung a bottle at it. It crashed against the fellow's hand and he dropped it with a howl of pain. Striking the ground, the lamp fell over, with a crash of the splintered chimney, the oil began running out, and, igniting from the burning wick, speedily

communicated with the straw and set the dry stuff in a blaze. With a cry, Thorpe started to stamp it out. Bob and Dick, taking advantage of their chance, tripped up the stairs into the kitchen. The former struck a match to find the door. The key was in the lock, and, turning it, they opened it and rushed out into the open air. Then they dashed around the house toward the street. And as they ran the glow through the grated cellar windows showed them that the blaze was spreading beyond the control of the two rascals.

CHAPTER X.—Thorpe and the Italian.

It took them three-quarters of an hour to reach an elevated station.

"Gee! It's nearly ten o'clock," said Dick, glancing at the clock. "Our folks will wonder what has become of us."

"We'd better stop at a restaurant on 125th street and have our supper, for it is doubtful if we'll find anything ready when we get home," said Bob.

"We're lucky to be free after the way we were tied up in that cellar."

"Yes," admitted Bob. "Pringle's nephew meant to give us a good tanning, and as he probably would have used a stick, it wouldn't have been a pleasant experience."

"I should say not! If that fellow keeps on as he's going, he'll reach the electric chair or the gallows."

It was half-past eleven when the boys reached their homes, where an explanation from each was in order, and was duly made and accepted. On Monday morning Dick showed the torn Wells Fargo Co.'s envelope to his employer and told him where and under what circumstances he found it.

"I know now who committed that robbery and got away with the money. It was a young man named Harley Thorpe, the nephew of a money-lender on Broadway named Peter Pringle. He is suspected of having sent the old man the bomb which exploded in his office nearly killing him. He's a thoroughly bad chap. I didn't recognize him that morning because his face was disguised by a heavy black beard."

Dick then told Mr. Atgood all that happened to him and Bob in the Bronx on Saturday evening.

"There is no use of the police looking for Thorpe up there now, as the house is burned down, but you might notify them that you have a clue to the identity of the package thief, and tell them it was Thorpe who turned the trick. He's wanted anyway for the attempt he made to rob Bob Barron of a bunch of gold he was bringing to the office from the bank, so there will be two charges against him if he's caught."

The broker said he would attend to the matter, and Dick returned to his chair.

D. & H. continued to advance during the week, reaching par on Thursday. On Friday, amid considerable excitement, it boomed to 106, at which figure Bob sold out, and the boys made a combined profit of \$16,000, which doubled their dollars again. During this time the detectives made a fresh effort to capture Thorpe, but he succeeded in keeping out of their way, and so they met

with no success. A month passed, and the boys made no new deal. Stocks went up and also went down, but they kept out of the market, for they entertained an affectionate interest toward the \$30,000-odd they were worth, and did not care to take any unusual chances with it.

One day, however, Bob discovered that another syndicate was buying up L. & M. on the quiet, and after a consultation with Dick, he bought 2,000 shares of the stock on margin through the little bank, at 102. On the following day Bob was sent over to Brooklyn to deliver a note to the proprietor of a ship chandlery store along the water front, near the dock of a steamship company. Bob finished his errand and was coming out of the store when he saw two men standing close by. One of them was dark and swarthy, like an Italian, and the other, though disguised, the boy felt certain was Harley Thorpe. He watched them covertly from the entrance of the store, and heard the dark man say:

"Dis is notta good-a place to talk. You come-a with me to my-a room, down-a da street, and dere we talk-a da mat' over. I fixa your uncle over' quick, I betcha, if you pay-a da price."

With those words, the men walked off, and Bob, satisfied that Thorpe was putting some rascally game up on his uncle, followed cautiously after them. The men turned in at a narrow alley, where Bob didn't dare follow them till he saw them pass through a door into the rear of the three-story frame tenement, the ground floor of which was occupied as a saloon. When the door closed behind them, Bob hurried up the alley, opened the door, and entered a narrow entry, where there was a pair of stairs. He heard steps on the landing above and he ran lightly up the stairs to see if he could spot the destination of the men. He was just in time to see them enter the last room on the landing. The two upper floors of the building were evidently used as a cheap lodging house. Bob glided down the landing and applied his eye to the keyhole of the door of the room the men had entered. It was a small, poorly furnished room he saw a part of. Thorpe had taken possession of the only chair, and was facing the dark-skinned man, who had to put up with the edge of the bed.

"Now I listen to you, my friend. What-a you say your name was?"

"Thorpe."

"Ah, yes, I recollect now. Go ahead and tell-a you plan, and state-a your price. If it suit-a me, well and good. If notta big enough, I make-a da price myself. Dat is da way I do-a da biz."

Thorpe at once entered into details. He said his uncle was a money-lender in New York and wealthy. When his (Thorpe's) father died, he had left \$20,000 to him, conditionally, and appointed Mr. Pringle trustee of the fund. What the conditions were Thorpe did not say, but he complained that his uncle had paid him only a small proportion of the money in question, in quarterly instalments, and had finally cast him off and refused to give him another cent. What he wanted was that money, he told the Italian, and he wanted his uncle intimidated into paying it.

"I am willing to pay \$500 cash if you can get a certified check from him for \$20,000," he concluded.

"How much you will pay-a me to start-a in?"

"I will give you \$100 on account."

"I take-a it. Write-a down da name of your uncle, and make-a da address under it, and I get-a on da job right-a way."

"How are you going to work it, Spaghetti?"

"You leave-a dat to me."

"If you get caught, you mustn't squeal on me."

"Me get-a caught! Cospetto! I do-a da bus' in da right-a way. I am-a da lawyer you hire to get-a your rights. You get-a me?"

"I see your drift; but that won't work with him," replied Thorpe.

"No? I betcha I make-a it work."

"He'll refer you to his own lawyer in Jersey City."

"I no go-a to Jersey Cit'. Your uncle owe-a you da mon'; I do-a my bus' with him. If he no come-a up, we see what happen. S'pose you want skin-a da cat, you find-a more way than one."

"It's nothing to me how you manage it, as long as you put the thing through."

"I t'ink-a \$500 not enough to pay-a me for da risk. Twenty t'ousan' dollar lot-a mon'. I guess a-you afford to pay-a me tenner per cent. if I make-a dat sure success of da job. Whata you say?"

"All right. If you get all that's coming to me I'll pay you ten per cent. of it."

"Verra good. I take-a dat hundred now to bind-a da bus'."

Thorpe took some bills from his pocket, counted out the amount, and handed them to the Italian. That rascal counted them over to make sure the amount was correct, and then put them in his pocket.

"Let-a me see. To-morrow or next-a day I call-a on your uncle. You meet-a me in da saloon down-a stairs Saturday night. I look-a for you at eight o'clock. How dat suit-a you?"

"It suits me all right. I'll be on hand."

"Verra good. We go-a now and take-a da drink to da success of da job."

The men got up, and, seeing that the interview was over, Bob beat a hurried retreat downstairs and was soon on the street en route for the Brooklyn Bridge.

CHAPTER XI.—The Saloon on the Water Front.

Bob took the first chance he had, after reporting at the office, of going into Atgood's office to see if Dick was there. Dick had just returned from an errand and was waiting further call on his services.

"Hello, Bob! What have you got to say?" asked Dick, who knew that his friend only dropped around during business hours when he had something out of the usual to communicate.

"I've just come from Brooklyn," began Bob, "and while I was over there I ran across Harley Thorpe."

"You don't say! Did he see you?"

"No. He's got in with a rascally Italian, and I followed them to the place where the latter lodges."

"You had a good nerve."

"Thorpe has hired the Italian to try and get \$20,000 from his uncle. He claims that the old man owes him that amount. It's the legacy his

father left him, conditionally. You remember Pringle told us something about it, and that Thorpe had repeatedly broken the conditions, and has, therefore, forfeited his right to the money."

"I remember. How does the Italian expect to get it?"

"I can't say exactly, as he didn't tell his plans to Thorpe. He intimated, however, that his first move would be to pose as Thorpe's lawyer and make a demand on Pringle for the money. But Thorpe told him that wouldn't work, and as the Italian seemed to be confident of success, I guess he's got some other card up his sleeve."

"What are you going to do—warn the old man?"

"Sure."

"I suppose you had no chance of getting Thorpe pulled in?"

"No; but I see a good chance of it on Saturday night, as he is going to meet the Italian at the saloon in the house he was in at eight o'clock on that evening. I intend to go there with a detective and see that he's arrested."

"Better take two detectives, for he might have friends on hand to protect him, in which case there is sure to be trouble if the attempt is made to pinch him."

"I'll talk the matter over with the police, and they can take whatever precautions they deem necessary."

"I'd like to go with you, but I'm not looking for trouble, and it strikes me there will be some. You want to look out for yourself."

"I'll do that, don't you worry. Good-by!" and Bob returned to his own office.

That afternoon, when the boys got off work, they visited Pringle's office. The old man was glad to see them again. Bob told him about their experience in the house in the Bronx with Thorpe and his pals, and showed the rascal's connection with the theft of the express envelope. Then he told Pringle how he had seen his nephew in Brooklyn that morning, and what followed in connection with the Italian.

"You may look for a visit from the Italian to-morrow or next day, and you want to be on your guard against him," said Bob. "He looks like a dangerous chap, and there is no telling what means he may adopt to try and force you into giving up the money he is after."

The money-lender smiled grimly.

"I am prepared now to defend myself against an enemy," he said. "My nephew will gain nothing by sending him on such an errand."

"Well, I considered it my duty to warn you of what is in the wind."

"I appreciate your kindness, and, believe me, I won't forget it."

The boys then took their leave and went home. Next day L. & M. advanced a point, and the boys noticed the fact with much satisfaction. That afternoon Bob and Dick walked up to police headquarters, which was then at 300 Mulberry street. They went to the office of the chief of detectives. There Bob told the officer in authority that he knew where Harley Thorpe could be found on Saturday evening at eight o'clock.

"Where?" asked the man.

"At a certain saloon on the Brooklyn water front. If you'll detail a couple of men to capture him, I'll pilot them to the place," said Bob.

"How did you learn he will be there at that time?"

Bob told him how he ran across Thorpe, disguised, in the company of an Italian named Spaghetti, and how he had followed both to the room in the tenement above the saloon, and by listening at the keyhole had discovered the game they were up to. He explained that Thorpe had hired the Italian to try and extort \$20,000 out of his uncle, Peter Pringle, and he told the officer that he had called on the money-lender and warned him what was in the wind.

The officer said that Bob must report at Headquarters at six o'clock on Saturday afternoon, when two detectives would be sent with him. Bob promised to be on hand, and then the boys left. At the appointed hour Bob appeared at the Detective Bureau, and found two men in plain clothes waiting for him. One of them questioned the boy about the place.

"This Thorpe knows you, doesn't he?" asked the sleuth.

"Oh, yes."

"Then it won't do for you to go over as you are. Step into this room with me and I'll make a slight alteration in your appearance."

When Bob came out of the room Dick wouldn't have known him without a sharp inspection. He had a coarse suit of clothes on, and a foreign-made cap, while his countenance was as dark as Spaghetti's. Bob and the two detectives reached the saloon at a quarter of eight. The sleuths looked like English steamship sailors. They lounged up to the door and walked inside. The place was already pretty well crowded with longshoremen, sailors, and more than one hard-looking character. The officers recognized the saloon as a tough joint, where criminals hung out when not wanted, and sometimes even when under suspicion. The proprietor was a notorious rascal who enjoyed a strong political pull and laughed at the police whenever they came around in their uniform. He had served several terms in Sing Sing, and was known to have killed more than one man in his time. He found saloonkeeping less hazardous than his former calling, and since he opened up he had managed to keep out of the police court, except on account of some excise offences, which his pull enabled him to weather. Selecting a vacant table, Bob and the detectives sat down, and the former looked sharply around the room. Nobody bearing any resemblance to Thorpe was there, and he told the sleuths. Fifteen minutes passed away, and still no Thorpe. Suddenly Bob grabbed one of the officers by the arm.

"There's the Italian," he whispered. "He just came in."

The sleuths were on to Spaghetti in a moment. The Italian looked all around the saloon, evidently in search of the party he expected to meet there. Not seeing him, he went up to the bar, motioned to the landlord, who was helping his regular barkeeper, and asked him something in a low tone. Bob and the detectives saw him jerk his thumb toward the back. Spaghetti started toward the poolroom. Entering it, he opened a door leading off it and disappeared.

"Our man is in a private room at the back," said one of the officers. "You saunter into the

poolroom, Barron, and stand looking at the game. We'll follow you in a moment."

Bob made his way to the room and looked at the playing going on there. The detectives followed after a short interval. One of them edged toward the door and opened it. He found himself looking into a dimly lighted, narrow entry. Making a sign to his companion, he passed in, and Bob followed them. Two doors opened off this entry. Bob placed his ear at the keyhole of one of them, and heard the Italian's voice inside.

"Spaghetti is in there," he said.

Then he looked through the keyhole and saw the Italian seated at a small table. The detective in advance opened the door and the three walked in. Up sprang Spaghetti and the disguised Thorpe.

"There's your man!" said Bob, pointing at the latter.

The Italian put his hand in his breast, and the motion indicated that he carried a knife there. The officers paid no attention to the Italian, but walked up to Thorpe.

"You're wanted," said the first.

As the words left his mouth, Spaghetti stepped back to the wall and pressed a button. Three taps sounded on a gong in the saloon. In less than a minute, while Thorpe was holding off the officers by his great strength, the passage filled with a crowd of hard-looking men. Then the gas in the room suddenly went out, there was a rush and a tremendous scuffling. Bob received a knock on the head that sent him staggering into a corner. Then his arms were pinned by somebody and he was dragged outside.

CHAPTER XII.—Bob in a Tight Place.

There were sounds of blows, then a revolver shot. A window was thrown up and there was a second shot. The saloon itself was now in a fever of excitement. The customers flocked outside and the neighborhood was thrown into a state of great excitement. Several policemen who had been detailed to that locality from the Brooklyn headquarters, at the request of the Manhattan authorities, made a rush for the scene. They dashed into the saloon and put the barkeeper under arrest. The proprietor, however, had vanished the moment the gong sounded.

The policemen soon found their way into the entry and the room which had been the scene of the trouble. One of them lit a match and tried to light the gas, but it had been turned off by a private cock. The window was open, and on the floor lay both disguised detectives, stunned by blows, with revolvers in their hands. They had done the firing, and one tough character lay across the table, shot through the body, but not dead. Bob was not to be seen. He had been spirited away somewhere, and all the rest of the crowd involved had made their escape through the window, and by an alley into the next street. The stunned sleuths were revived and told their story. They had arrested their man, but the crowd that came to his rescue secured his release.

"Where's the boy?" asked one of the officers.

No one knew where he was. The house was searched for him, but he was not found. All the

rookeries in the block were visited and searched, but there were no signs of him. The impression of the detectives was that he had made his escape and got out of the way. The barkeeper was taken to the station house and locked up, but was later bailed out to appear next morning at the police court. In the meanwhile, what had happened to Bob? He was dragged through the passage, by a private door, into the next building, and thence out into a yard and into another building, where he was carried down into a cellar, and along a subterranean passage to a building half a block away. There he was dumped down into a small hole under the flooring and a trap-door shut above his head. It was a vile-smelling place, suggestive of an annex of a sewer, and Bob nearly fainted from the combination of odors and lack of fresh air.

There he remained two hours, half stupefied, until the trap was lifted and a lantern flashed down upon him. A rope with a hook at the end was lowered down, and the hook catching under his collar, he was hauled out, apparently more dead than alive. He was shaken and mussed up till he recovered some of his scattered senses, and then he was taken into a room where several people were smoking and talking. Among these were the Italian and the disguised Thorpe, who looked hard at the metamorphosed young messenger and finally recognized him.

"So it's you, is it?" he said, with a wicked laugh. "Disguised so I wouldn't know you. You seem to be stuck on the detective business. Well, I guess you'll get all you want of it this time. You came with the officers to point me out. I think it's time I put the quietus on your activities. When a chap like you don't know enough to keep out of trouble he ought to get enough to last him for the rest of his life. The place for you is the sewer."

As Thorpe spoke, he looked at Spaghetti. The Italian pushed the table out of the way and opened a trap in the floor. The others in the room stopped their talking and looked interested.

"We put-a him down here and p'haps he find-a his way out one of dese days when dey pull-a da house down. What you t'ink, Mister Thorpe?" said the foreigner.

"I don't care where he goes so that I'm rid of him. I'm tired of having him butting into my business."

"It seems a pity to put-a him out-a da way. Maybe da police make another search for him and find-a him here. I have a better idea. We lock him in upstairs and den I fix-a da matter right away."

He dropped the trap back into its place, replaced the table, and then he and Thorpe took hold of Bob and forced him up two flights of stairs. Entering a filthy room, they forced the young messenger into a chair and bound him to it. Then they left him, locking the door after them. Spaghetti's plan was to drug Bob and ship him that night on board an Italian bark bound for Genoa. Taking Thorpe downstairs to an unoccupied room, he called for drinks from the saloon in front and then started to outline his scheme. Thorpe fell in with it. After all, he preferred it to having the boy's blood on his soul. It would get Bob out of the country, and there was no telling if he ever would get back, for the captain

and officers of the bark were great ruffians in their way, and would probably handle a greenhorn aboard without gloves. While they conferred over the matter, Bob recovered the full possession of his faculties, and he fully realized the desperate situation he was in. He could hope for no mercy from either Thorpe or the Italian, and no sympathy or help from anybody in that neighborhood. He had no idea what fate was going to be meted out to him, but he did not doubt but it would be a tough one. He was afraid he had seen his last of Wall street, and his friend Dick. Then there was that deal in which he and his schoolmate had \$20,000 invested. He considered it a sure winner, and that they would double their capital on it.

Well, if he disappeared mysteriously, it would be up to Dick to look out for it. Then he thought of his mother, who was anxiously watching for his return that night. He had told Dick to call and explain to her the reason why he would not be home to supper. She would not expect him to get home till late, but now it looked as if he never would get home at all. He also wondered why the police had not made a big effort to find and rescue him. He did not know that the police had searched that very house from cellar to roof while he was down in that horrible hole, the existence of which the police had no knowledge. Remembering how he and Dick had got free from the house in the Bronx, he made desperate efforts to get loose from the chair. All his attempts were failures, for the Italian knew how to tie a person so he would stay tied. Thus half an hour went by and matters remained the same with him.

By this time he was feeling pretty much down at the mouth, with little hope of escape from his terrible position. He could hear sounds of shouting and singing downstairs, but the upper part of the house was wrapped in silence. All at once he heard light footsteps in the corridor outside. The steps stopped at his door, and the knob was turned. The door not opening, the person fumbled about the lock, and, finding the key there, turned it, opened the door, and entered. The intruder was a slatternly little girl, and she carried a lamp. Her eyes opened wide when she saw Bob tied to the chair. As the boy's gaze rested on her, he felt a thrill of hope.

"Cut me loose, will you?" he said eagerly.

"Who tied you there?" she asked.

"Oh, a rascal who wants to get square with me."

The girl held the lamp before his face and looked at him intently.

"You're a good-looking boy," she said. "If I cut you loose, you won't tell on me, will you?"

"Certainly I won't. I'll give you a two-dollar bill, too, all the money I have."

"Will you?" she said, with fresh interest. "I can buy lots of things I want with that."

"Of course you can. Hurry now, for the man might come back at any moment."

"I'll have to go upstairs for a scissors," she said.

"Don't do that. It will waste time. Put your hand in my pocket and you will find a knife. That will do the business."

She put the lamp down, put her hand in Bob's pocket, took out the knife, and began cutting

the cord. To Bob's excited fancy the job took her an age, though actually it only occupied her a few moments. At last he was free, and he jumped up.

"Here's the money," he said, forcing the bill into her hand. "Now you'd better get away yourself, quick, so the man won't find you here, because if he did he'd know you freed me, and then you'd catch it hot, probably."

"I'll go right away," she said.

She picked up the article she came for and left the room with Bob, the boy locking the door as it was before. She ran up to the next floor, while he started for the stairs, which the girl said led to the street. He was halfway down the flight when he heard a door open and two men come out into the corridor. A thrill ran through his veins when he recognized the Italian's voice. He believed they were coming upstairs after him. At any rate, it was impossible for him to keep on down and escape their notice. The only thing he could do was to run back to the landing. There was no place there for him to hide, so he would have to continue on up the next flight and wait till they entered the room they were bound for. Bob did not hesitate a moment as to his proper course of action. He turned around and slipped back to the landing above without the loss of a moment, but paused there long enough to make sure that his enemies were coming up. When he saw they were, he rushed up the next flight. They came up slowly, the Italian bearing the lamp. He heard them talking about a bark, and the rough time somebody would have on board her, and he wondered if they were referring to him. They went straight to the door, unlocked it and entered the room. Knowing they would discover his escape from the room at once, he realized that he had not a moment to lose. Even as he slid back to the landing he heard their exclamations of anger and astonishment.

"I haven't a second to escape them in," he muttered, as he darted for the lower flight, and went down, like a streak.

One flight more landed him at the street door, which was open. Looking back, he saw the lamp flashing back up the stairs. In another moment he was out on the sidewalk and rushing across the street to get in the shadow of the piers, he ran in the direction of the Bridge as hard as he could.

CHAPTER XIII.—La Veta Negra.

Within an hour Bob made his appearance at police headquarters.

"Where have you been keeping yourself?" asked one of the detectives who had accompanied him to Brooklyn, and who had been back some time.

"In the soup, if you want to know," replied the boy.

"What do you mean?"

Then Bob told him his story.

"Well, young man, I guess you had a narrow escape. To-night's experience was the toughest I've been up against for some time. And we didn't get our man, either," said the detective. "We knew it was a tough joint, but we didn't look for so much trouble. Well, go into that room,

clean your face and hands and get into your own clothes. You may thank your stars that you are alive and kicking at this moment and not floating in the bay."

Bob did thank his stars, for he felt that he had escaped by the skin of his teeth. He bade the detective good night and went home. It was after midnight when he got to his house, and he found his mother up waiting for him and very anxious about him. He told her that the enterprise he and the detectives went on had proved a failure at the last moment. He did not tell his mother about what he had gone through after that, for he knew it would worry her, and she wouldn't sleep a wink that night thinking about it. It was some time before he got to sleep himself, for now that it was all over his nerves tingled with the recollection of his terrible experience in that horrible hole, and his subsequent imprisonment in the room above.

He was also troubled with a succession of disquieting dreams, from which he awoke bathed in perspiration. In one of his dreams he pictured himself as struggling with a man who had tried to take a bag containing a lot of coin away from him. The bag slipped from their hand, burst open, sending a shower of coin to the floor below. His chum was rushing to his aid. Soon after he finished his breakfast next morning Dick came over to find out how matters had gone. He expected to hear that Thorpe was in the Tombs, instead of which Bob told him that though they actually nabbed the fellow, he got away through the help that suddenly turned up in his behalf. The story that Bob told him of his own experience of the night knocked Dick "silly," to use his own expression. He could hardly believe it, but his schoolmate assured him it was the truth.

"What do you suppose Thorpe and the Italian intended to do with you?" he asked.

"I haven't the least idea, but it was nothing good. I believe if Thorpe had had his own way, I would have been dumped off the dock later on. Spaghetti, not having the same kind of grudge against me, was not in favor of doing me up entirely. Whatever scheme he had in his mind, I escaped it through the fortunate coming of the little girl. I shall always be grateful to her, though her identity will probably never be known to me," said Bob.

"You'll have to look out that Thorpe doesn't try to reach you some other way. He's a mighty bad egg."

On the following afternoon the boys visited Peter Pringle.

"Did you have a visit from the Italian?" Bob asked him.

"I did. He claimed to be a lawyer, and said he had been hired by my nephew to secure his rights," said the old man, with a dry chuckle. "I told him I was glad to hear it, and would accept the service of any papers he cared to send my way. He didn't seem to understand that, and started in to threaten me with a suit at law. I told him to go ahead, and he went away telling me I should hear from him."

"Did he call a second time?"

"He hasn't as yet."

Bob then told the money-lender about the attempt made by the police on Saturday night to arrest Thorpe at the Brooklyn saloon; its failure.

and what had happened to him in connection with the affair. Pringle expressed his concern at the peril Bob had been brought face to face with, agreed that he had had a very narrow escape, and advised him to have nothing further to do with any action of the police looking to the apprehension of his nephew.

"I've had all I want," replied Bob. "I'll never monkey with him again if I can avoid it."

Toward the end of that week L. & M. went up to 105. Then it got a setback and dropped to 102. It recovered on the following Monday and went to 104. Every day it went a little higher, and was ruling at 110 on Friday noon. Then it boomed to 115, at which price it looked top-heavy to Bob, and he sold out at a profit to himself and partner in the deal of \$26,000. Next morning it went to 117, and then began to fall back under heavy liquidation. Its further success or failure, however, no longer interested the boys, as they were out of it, and worth \$28,000 each.

They left their capital intact in Bob's safe-deposit box to await another favorable chance of doubling their dollars. With the capital at their disposal the boys began to consider the advisability of cutting loose from their jobs, and hiring an office. They were both tired of running errands, and they could speculate with better results, they figured, if their time was their own. They talked the matter over every afternoon on their way home. Dick was eager to make the change, for Broker Atgood's temper often made him hot under the collar. Bob, having an easier time with his boss, and being a great favorite with the white-haired cashier, hesitated to make the plunge. So the question remained undecided.

Fate, however, took a hand and settled it for them. Mr. Dusenberry was taken down with a severe illness, and his doctor advised him to go to Europe and stay for at least a year. He took the doctor's advice and arranged with a certain broker who had gone to the wall to run his business for him, in conjunction with the cashier. A week after he sailed, Bob had a run-in with the broker and quit the office in a huff. Probably he would not have been so independent but for the money he was worth. As soon as Dick heard he was out, he sent in his resignation to Atgood and quit at the end of the week. By that time Bob had hunted up, rented, and furnished an office for himself and his schoolmate. They had articles of co-partnership drawn up and began business with a capital of \$50,000. The balance of their funds they divided up, and Bob handed the bulk of his to his mother.

The sign on their office door read, "Barron & Ashley, Stocks and Bonds." They had no intention of doing a brokerage business, as they did not feel that they were competent to engage in the business, but if anybody wanted them to buy or sell stocks for them they did not intend to turn the party down. They could turn the business over to some broker and get a rake-off out of it.

"Well, we're our own bosses at last, Dick, with nothing to do and plenty of time to do it in," laughed Bob.

"I bet you!" grinned Dick. "But don't say that we've nothing to do. We must study the Wall Street market every day closely for a chance to double our dollars again."

Silence settled down in the office for a while, then it was broken by a knock at the door.

"Come in!" said Bob.

A tall, swarthy Mexican walked in.

"Buenos Dias," he said. "The senors Barron and Ashley, brokers, they are in, eh?"

"My name is Barron, sir, and that is my partner, Mr. Ashley. Take a seat, and let us know how we can serve you," said Bob.

The visitor stared at them.

"Do I understand, young senors, that you are the firm, the names of which I shall see on the door?" he asked.

"Yes, sir; we are Barron and Ashley, stocks and bonds," nodded Bob.

"Pardon me, but are you not young for the business?"

"Yes, sir, we're young, but that isn't our fault. Can we do anything for you?"

"I am afraid you are, what shall I say, too inexperienced to take up the matter I wish to speak about. Is it not so?"

"Well, tell us the facts, and if we can attend to your business we will do so with pleasure. Our charges are very reasonable. Your name is—"

"Senor Manuel Guzman. I am from Chihuahua, Mexico. I am at the head of what you Americans call a syndicate. We own several mines in the Sierra Madre range.

"We wish to sell what you call the development stock of the largest of the mines, 'La Veta Negra,' which in English means the Black Vein. It is near the village of Los Saucillos. It is rich in silver ore, young senor, very rich, but we are in want of money, you understand, to reach the famous black vein. A century ago, after the mine had been worked with great results from the days of the Spanish possession, the black vein suddenly, to all appearance, became exhausted, and since then neither gold nor silver has been found in the mine."

"Then how do you know it's rich in silver ore?" asked Bob.

"Ah, senor, the Black Vein, which is fabulously rich, is there, but it has been lost—covered up, they say, by the Indians who worked there one hundred years or more ago. The syndicate has been at work these twelve months without result as yet, but it is only a question of time when we will discover the vein again, and then—all who are so fortunate as to own some of the stock will suddenly become rich."

"So you think the Black Vein was covered for some reason by the Indians long ago?" said Bob.

"Si, senor. We learned the truth from an old Indian, one of the last of the race that originally worked the mine. He told us that month after month and year after year immense quantities of silver were dug out of that old mine. The deeper it was cut into, the richer the mine developed. Every miner became wealthy, and the whole male population of the village had a hand in gathering the ore."

"They must have had a cinch," said Bob.

"Cinch, senor; I do not understand your meaning."

"I mean they had a good thing of it."

"Ah, yes, I comprehend. But their luck attracted had men to the place, and these men by force

took possession of the mine and all its wealth, and compelled the Indians to work for them instead of themselves, and paid them very little. The Indians hated their oppressors, and one fast day of the church, when work was suspended, some of them entered the mine and covered up the Black Vein in such a way that it never was found again. Thus the mine ceased to give up its precious ore, and that ore is there to-day, waiting for the syndicate to find it, and make wealthy all who advance the money necessary to bring the vein to light again."

"I see. Your idea is to issue a lot of stocks and sell it here in New York," said Bob.

"Si, senor."

"What do you propose to pay for this service?"

"A commission, senor. The stock shall be issued at the par value of \$10 a share."

"The trouble will be to convince investors that such a vein exists in the mine," said Bob.

"Ah! I have prepared a prospectus which shall convince the most skeptical."

"You say you will pay a commission on all stock sold by your promoters. How much commission?"

"Twenty cents on each dollar."

"How many shares do you intend to issue?"

"I am instructed to offer 100,000. We had it printed in Chihuahua, and it is in my trunk at the Hotel Astor."

"Well, if you wish to engage our firm, we'll see what we can do for you. Bring down your prospectus and we will have it printed. We will advertise the mine, and insert the more striking points of the prospectus in it. The Sunday papers will be the best to use for large advertising. The Wall Street dailies for small advertising. We will have a contract drawn up with you, which you will sign as the representative of the syndicate. Then we will put the name of the mine on our door, and you can make our office your headquarters. If you could only get some samples of rich ore from the neighboring mines to show, it would impress visitors. Also some photos of the mine and the surrounding country. Be sure and put into your prospectus the full history of the mine, showing its marvelous production in the old days of its activity, and if you can secure some old pictures of the Mexican mining industry in any part of the country, as it was carried on a century ago, with a picture of an old village, with an ancient church or monastery, or something of that sort, it would help greatly. You understand?"

"Si, senor. You are a smart young man, and your firm shall do our business. You know how these things shall be done. I have visited more than twenty brokers and they all have, what you Americans call it, turned me down. They would not listen to me when I could not show that the mine was producing the ready silver. Ah, well, you will reap the profit they have refused. Suppose you sell ninety thousand shares? You will do well to buy in the other ten thousand. Then when the vein comes to the light you shall become like the famous Monte Cristo—wealthy beyond your dreams. Now I will go. To-morrow I will call with the prospectus and you will have the contract ready for me to sign. Then you will do me the honor to dine with me at my hotel."

CHAPTER XIV.—Conclusion.

"Say, do you put any faith in that Arabian Nights yarn?" said Dick, when they were again alone.

"It looks rather fishy," replied Bob, "but the certificate is real, and we may assume that the syndicate is. I have read of old mines in Mexico that were supposed to have petered out, coming to life again and taking their place as large producers—why not La Veta Negra?"

"You have committed us to the scheme of selling the stock. Suppose we carry out your plans and we disposed of all, or a large part, of the stock—"

"We will make a commission of 20 cents a share. Should we sell all the stock, there is \$20,000 in it for us, out of which we must pay the cost of advertising and other expenses. It will have the additional advantage of bringing us, as a firm, before Wall Street and the general public. That is likely to bring us many customers."

"I know; but suppose this Mexican mine should be investigated and turn out to be a gigantic fake, how are we going to square ourselves with the people we sold the stock to?"

"We will simply be the promoters of the mine, and we will word our advertisement so that we will not make ourselves responsible for results, whether the mine proves a success or a failure."

"But to a certain extent we will be operating under false pretences. You told the senor to have a box of ore specimens sent here from some neighboring mine. Are we to represent them as choice specimens taken from the La Veta Negra? That isn't a square thing to do to begin with."

"Such things are done every day in Wall Street and elsewhere. However, we'll tell the truth, my boy. We'll put a sign on the box reading: 'Specimens from the mines surrounding La Veta Negra.' How will that suit you?"

"Much better. It will tend to show that if the mines in the immediate vicinity turn out such ore, that our mine ought have some of the same kind in it."

That point being settled, the boys entered into a long discussion of the methods to be followed to unload 100,000 shares of a problematical Mexican mine on the American investing public. The Mexican made his appearance at eleven o'clock on the following day. He brought with him the translation of a long prospectus which he had written originally in Spanish. Bob took it and read it aloud to his partner. It gave the full history of the mine from its original discovery by the Indians of the village on the eastern slope of the Sierra Madre range to the time when the famous Black Vein vanished, and defied all the efforts of the oppressors of the Indians to find it.

It then went on to say that the secret of the locality of the vein had come down through one family of Indians, and was now in the possession of the last survivor of his race. He was now dying with a lingering illness, and on condition that a large sum of money be paid him, he agreed to reveal the locality of the lost vein. The syndicate being unable to raise the sum required, had decided to offer to the American public 100,000 shares of promotion stock (par value \$1,000,000) at \$1 a share. One-half of this would be

given to the Indian in exchange for his secret, and the other half would be used to develop the mine and bring the famous Black Vein to light.

The syndicate had engaged the firm of Barron & Ashley, No. — Wall Street, to act in the capacity of promoters, and supervise all the details of the sale. Such, in brief, was the prospectus, and it struck the boys as being a good one.

"Now if we had the pictures to introduce in miniature, I should say it was all ready to go to the printer," said Bob.

"I have written for such pictures as can be got, illustrating the points that you suggested, señor," said the Mexican. "The contract—you have it ready?"

"Yes, señor. We will go out to a notary's office and sign it in his presence," said Bob.

This was done, and then the Mexican invited the boys to dine with him that evening at his hotel. They accepted the invitation and promised to be on hand at seven. The Mexican nodded and shortly afterward he left them. Dick went to fetch a sign painter and Bob strolled into the little bank. Here he found that S. & T. was going up, and after following it a while he bought 3,000 shares at 82. When he left to go to lunch the price was up a full point, which meant that the firm was already \$3,000 in on paper. Returning to the office, he found that the painter had done his work, and the "La Veta Negra Gold and Silver Mine, of Chihuahua, Mexico," ornamented their door. He told Dick about his deal in S. & T., and his partner went to the ticker and found it had risen another point. They went home early, put on their Sunday suits and came down to the Hotel Astor, where they found the Mexican in a dress suit waiting for them. They went right in to dinner.

The Mexican gave them a great deal of information about his native country, and also about the mines in the Sierra Madre range. After that he dropped in every day, and on Saturday the boys invited him to lunch with them at Delmonico's, which he did. Before going to lunch, Bob closed out the S. & T. deal at a 4 1-2 point advance, which netted them a profit of \$13,000.

About the middle of the following week Señor Guzman brought down a number of pictures he had just received from Mexico. He had already sent the boys the transfer stock book, a duplicate of the original at the company's office in Chihuahua, and 2,000 certificates in blank, signed by the president and treasurer, but lacking the secretary's signature. Guzman explained that he was the secretary and would sign them as fast as they were sold, as he intended to remain in the city until he saw how the stock went. In due time the prospectus was printed, and other documents prepared, then the firm began the insertion of striking advertisements in the Sunday papers. In the meanwhile a small box of rich gold and silver quartz arrived and was exposed in the office for inspection. Inquiries and some orders began coming in by mail, and many visitors called to have a talk about the mine. The Mexican was always on hand now and he devoted his attention to them. During the first week \$15,000 worth of the stock was sold. The advertisement was then repeated, and brought in about \$25,000. The third week realized about \$20,000. Señor Guzman took the money after paying the

boys their twenty per cent., which amounted to \$14,000, and returned to Mexico, leaving the young firm to finish the sale, but strongly advising the boys to hold on to 10,000 shares themselves. Finally they decided to buy the 10,000 shares and if the mine didn't pan out, they would try to get rid of it at any price they could get for it.

They did so, and a week later the rest of the stock was sold. They notified the company to that effect, inclosing a draft for the balance due, with a list of the final stockholders, including themselves. About this time they decided to call on Peter Pringle, whom they hadn't seen for some weeks. They found him at his desk as usual, and received a warm greeting. After a half hour's visit they left and were waiting for a down cage when the elevator came up and let off two white-haired men, with sticks. The old fellows gave a start on seeing the boys, which Bob noticed, but recovering themselves started down the corridor.

"It's my opinion they are Thorpe and the Italian in disguise," said Bob.

The boys returned to the money-lender's door and Bob peered through the keyhole. He saw the two men inside.

"Go into that office and ask to use the phone. Telephone to the station for several officers. Say that Thorpe and Spaghetti are at Pringle's office in disguise. Give them the number of the building and hurry back," said Bob.

While Dick was away, Bob remained at the keyhole and noted all that went on inside. Suddenly one old man sprang on the money-lender, pinioned him to the chair, while one of them held a cloth over his face. At that moment Dick came back. Bob told him what was going on inside.

The boys opened the door and entered. The rascals were taken by surprise, and Thorpe started for Bob, while Spaghetti menaced Dick with an ugly-looking knife. Bob dodged Thorpe and reached the desk. Pulling open a drawer he drew out the revolver, which the money-lender kept there and covered the rascals with it.

"Back up against the wall, both of you, or I'll shoot!" said Bob, resolutely.

They obeyed unwillingly, and there Bob held them till the police arrived and took charge of them. Thus Bob had the satisfaction of doing what the police failed to achieve—land Thorpe in jail at last, and there he stayed, with Spaghetti, till they were tried, convicted and sent up the river. About the time they were sentenced, Barron and Ashley received a dispatch from Señor Guzman telling them that the Black Vein had been found, and to have the fact published in the New York papers. The news created a demand for "La Veta Negra" stock, but none of it was on the market. It was not listed, but offers of \$2 a share were freely made for it. The papers reported that it was ruling at par in Mexico, for \$20 a share in Mexican currency, equivalent to \$10 in this country. At that figure the boys found themselves worth \$100,000 more in a day, as it were, or \$175,000 altogether.

Next week's issue will contain "DICK DARLING'S MONEY; OR, THE RISE OF AN OFFICE BOY."

CURRENT NEWS

A RESERVATION FOR THE AUSTRALIAN ABORIGINES.

The commonwealth of Australia has taken steps for the preservation of the aborigines of that country, and has assigned a tract of public lands in the Northern Territories as reservation for the tribes. It includes the Mann and Petersen Ranges and practically the whole of Lake Amadeus. The governments of South and Western Australia have set aside adjoining areas for the purpose of this reservation.

A STRANGE FIRE.

A species of acacia which grows very abundantly in Nubia and the Soudan is also called the "whistling tree" by the natives. Its shoots are frequently distorted in shape by the agency of larvae of insects and swollen into a globular bladder from one to two inches in diameter. After the insect has emerged from a circular hole in the side of the swelling, the opening played upon by the wind becomes a musical instrument nearly equal in sound to a sweet-toned flute. The whistling tree is also found in the West Indian islands. In Barbadoes there is a valley filled with these trees, and when the trade winds blow across the island, a constant, moaning, deep-toned whistle is heard from them, which in the still hours of the night has a very weird and unpleasant effect.

MISTAKEN FOR BURGLARS.

Mr. and Mrs. Cohen Baker of Evansville, Ind., had a new maid at their house and were anxious to know how the maid treated the baby in their absence, so they decided to apply the acid test. They told the maid one Sunday night they were going to a show. They left the house, ostensibly for the theater, and peeped into the window a dozen times or more, in fact so often they attracted the attention of neighbors, who telephoned the police that burglars were trying to break into the Cohen home. When the police arrived they were surprised to find the "burglars" were Mr. and Mrs. Baker.

"COAL OIL JOHNNY" DIES.

John W. Steele, known widely in the East half a century ago as "Coal Oil Johnny," reputed then to have spent a comfortable fortune when oil was discovered on his Pennsylvania land, died of pneumonia January 1 at Fort Crook, Neb., where he was station agent for the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railway.

Steele, who was born in Shakleyville, Pa., in 1843, when a young man is said to have attracted considerable attention in New York by throwing away money to boys and men on the street apparently because he liked to see them scramble for it. He came West forty-five years ago and had been in the Burlington's employ for thirty-seven years.

The stories about "Coal Oil Johnny" never represented him as gambling or making a profligate

use of his wealth, but rather as enjoying the sight of others getting what was so difficult to obtain. Attending a theater in Pittsburgh one day, the story is that he stepped out of his box when a blackface comedian finished a song and handed the man a \$1,000 bill and asked him to sing it again.

The family lived in the station house in four tiny rooms.

PANSIES, DANDELIONS BLOOM IN BAY STATE.

Dandelions and pansies were reported in bloom January 3 as markers of a late and mild winter simultaneously with word that icebergs had appeared on the transatlantic steamship lanes as harbingers of an early spring.

With the mercury at the temperate stage, a pansy in full bloom was plucked from a garden in Natick that had been under a light snow several days ago. In Hingham dandelions were found. May flowers have been reported from several places in recent weeks.

The iceberg indication of approaching spring has been fairly dependable, old salts say. The present movement has brought down to the Grand Banks and the transatlantic track bergs, growers and fields of pan ice weeks ahead of their normal drift. The ice invasion has reached such a point that vessels are being forced south, and to-day the International Mercantile Marine Company ordered its ships to take the longer southern lanes at once instead of waiting until February 1, the usual date for change.

1,000-YEAR-OLD TREE.

Somma Lombardo, a small place about thirty miles from Milan, Italy, boasts the oldest tree in Italy, perhaps the oldest in old Europe. It is a cypress, and tree experts say its age is over 1,000 years. History has mentioned it more than once, probably because it grows near a spot where history has been rather busy.

King Francis I. of France, running before his foes after the Battle of Pavia, in the fifteenth century, hacked part of its trunk with his sword—probably in irritation at his bad luck.

The tree is now a giant. Cypresses are tall, rather rigid, very straight and give a peculiar sad nobility to those parts of Italian landscape where they flourish. But this one is taller than its brothers, cousins or uncles. It is 81 yards high, of 18 feet girth, and its deep green branches widen out toward the top to a circumference of 63 feet.

Napoleon, who respected few things when they came in his way, found this venerable tree in his path when planning the splendid road from Milan to the Simplon Pass. But he gave orders that the road should go out of its straight course here to save the cypress.

Fifty years ago a thunderbolt struck it, but burned only part of its sombre crest. It is the property of the city of Somma Lombardo and it has been inclosed.

A Lawyer At Nineteen

—OR—

FIGHTING AGAINST A FRAUD

By GASTON GARNE

(A Serial Story)

CHAPTER I.

The Nineteen-Year-Old Lawyer Tries His First Supreme Court Case.

John Scribner, one of the best lawyers in the up-state city of Rockton, and counsel for the Intercity Railroad Company, a corporation running a trolley line between Rockton and Far Rockton, signed the messenger's book and then tore open the telegram.

"This is a deuce of a mess," he muttered, looking with frowning brows at the message he held in his hand, and then he touched a button on his desk and the office boy put his head into the office again.

"Is Rand in, Eddie?"

"Yes, sir."

"Tell him to come to me at once."

The office boy vanished, and a moment later Lewis Rand walked into the private office.

He was a young fellow who would have attracted attention anywhere, not merely because he was tall, broad and manly for his nineteen years, but for the reason that he looked bright and confident as well as intelligent, and there was something in the expression of his gray eyes that made you feel as though the lad were looking through you while he talked to you, a piercing, searching quality that made it very hard for persons who were making false statements.

He had graduated only a short time before, and had at once been taken into the office of John Scribner on the recommendation of the head of the law college, who assured the veteran lawyer that the boy would prove a valuable addition to his staff. In the few months that had passed he had shown himself to be a keen investigator as well as a well-read young fellow in matters of law, and his employer had come to regard his judgment and advice as well worth seeking and following.

John Scribner turned to him with a troubled face.

"I'm in a nice fix, Lew," said Scribner. "My chief clerk is on his way to the Appellate Division to argue a case there, and I was about to start for the Supreme Court to go into another case that is sure to come up this morning, and now comes this telegram, telling me that an important case on appeal, one that involves a pile of money, is coming up in the Court of Appeals, and that means that I must start for there within an hour. Can I look to you to try the case that I was going to try?"

"What case is it, Mr. Scribner?" asked Lew.

"Smollett against the Lakeside Railroad."

"I don't think I went over that with you."

"That's the hard thing about it. We went over a large number of cases together, but this Smollett case is not one of them, and if it comes up for trial this morning, as seems assured, you will have but a short time in which to familiarize yourself with it, but I may as well say to you at once that I expected to lose the case, and only hoped to reduce the damages. This is the case:

"Smollett was a passenger on one of the trains of the Lakeside company a couple of years ago. It was an excursion train, and the crowd was so much bigger than the road anticipated that the cars were terribly crowded.

"So crowded, indeed, were all the cars when the excursionists were returning home in the evening, that the platforms were filled to their utmost capacity.

"This crowding of the platforms of the cars was the cause of the accident for which this suit is brought. One of the gates gave way when the train was running about thirty miles an hour, and several persons were spilled along the side of the track.

"Seven people, in all, were injured, and as the road had no defense, every effort was made to settle all claims quickly. Every one was adjusted within a few months from the date of the accident, the company paying amounts ranging from two hundred dollars to a thousand, with the exception of this Smollett claim, the man standing out for an amount that the road thought excessive.

"He has sued for ten thousand dollars. He has been examined by the doctor for the company, claiming that his back was so badly injured by the fall from the train that he cannot work, and the doctor thinks that he has been well-schooled in his part, for he cannot show him up as a fakir, and I'm very much afraid, Lew, that the Lakeside company is going to be hit for several thousand dollars.

"This all looks very dark, of course, and as a matter of fact there is only one little ray of light in the case, and that is the fact that he went to the town of Pompton a few months after he was hurt, and there worked for just one week for the Continental Iron Works. He has evidently been carefully coached by some wisehead, and it is probable that he will admit that he worked that one week and that it hurt him so badly that he had to give it up. However, you must bring that out against him, and take advantage of whatever else comes up in the course of the case. I'm sorry that I've got to leave such a hard job in your hands, but the case has been postponed three times, and the judge will not permit of any further delay."

"It certainly does not look very promising," said Lew Rand, "but give me the papers, Mr. Scribner, and I'll do my best to save the company's money."

"There they are," said his employer, handing over a neatly tied bundle containing all the papers in relation to the case, "and you can sit down here and keep studying them until you are called to court. I'll send Eddie Blakesley over to answer ready when the case is called, and then he can telephone to you to come to court. Good-by."

(To be continued)

THE NEWS IN SHORT ARTICLES.

LONG FALL; SLIGHT BRUISES.

Such trifles as falling from a three-story building do not bother Max Dietz, a laborer on the new hospital under construction in Rochester, Minn. He plunged forty feet to the ground late the other day, but was uninjured, except for minor facial bruises. He went back to work a few minutes after the tumble.

FAKE CONCERT NETS \$2,000.

A blond young man who said he represented Pryor's Band, and who worked for a concert so enthusiastically that \$2,000 worth of tickets for the Palace Theater, White Plains, N. Y., the other Saturday night, were sold, is being sought by the musically inclined of the Westchester suburb.

The young man departed with the \$2,000, and there was no concert, for the reason, it has since been learned, that the young man had no real connection with the Pryor Institution. The owners of the theater explained that they have nothing to do with the performances there, merely renting the playhouse.

81-YEAR-OLD MINER MAKES \$90 WEEKLY.

Davy James, a little old Welshman who lives at Banian, Pa., is the youngest old man in Clearfield county. Davy learned to mine coal in Wales many years before he came to America. He never forgot how, and despite the fact that he has passed his eighty-first milestone, during the last year he has been one of the most dependable miners Thomas McGlynn of Madera has on his payroll.

This veteran miner, despite his years, never lost a day the mine worked during the last summer and fall, and his pay checks for each two weeks during the entire summer and fall have averaged not less than \$170 and from that up to \$190.

Miners are willing to wager real money there is not another eighty-one-year-old kid in Pennsylvania or any other State able to equal Davy James's record.

WIFE FINDS \$100.

The deliberations of Magistrate Douras in Harlem Court, New York, were interrupted the other day by the sudden appearance of a woman, who ran down the aisle waving a roll of greenbacks at him.

"Hey, Judge, stop a minute!" she shouted.

"What's the idea?" said the magistrate.

"I just found this \$100 under my husband's pillow. I'm Mrs. Brotal. My old man wasn't robbed at all."

The case of the alleged disappearance of \$100 from the pocket of Isidor Brotal, 215 East 100th street, was before the court. Brotal accused his friend, Ernest Leguna, of picking his pocket after a New Year's party at Brotal's home. Leguna was held in \$1,000 bail.

"Discharged," said the court.

After apologies had been tendered and accepted

complainant and defendant walked out of the court room arm in arm.

BULLET PROOF TOWER TO GUARD DISTILLERY.

Searchlights and a bulletproof steel tower are being erected here to guard the Old Pepper Distillery, on the turnpike between Lexington and Frankfort, Ky., from the thirsty raiders who descended recently on the plant, killed a United States revenue agent and stole several barrels of whisky.

The tower already has been erected on the top of the distillery, and workmen are now installing the searchlight inside it. Guards will work in two-hour shifts and from sundown to sunup the searchlight will be kept constantly playing on the grounds and the roads near the distillery. Besides these precautions a special electrical alarm system is being installed and huge signs are posted everywhere warning everybody to keep off the grounds.

The Old Pepper Distillery now holds several hundred thousands of dollars' worth of aged Bourbon liquor, and virtually everybody in Kentucky wants some of it. Many have tried to get it, but nobody was successful except the raiders of a few weeks ago.

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JOE FRENCH, THE BOY CASTAWAY.

By D. W. Stevens.

It was a dark, rainy night in March, when Joe French left the athletic club in Harlem, of which he was a member, and mounting his bicycle, rode down to the elegant house in which he lived on Lexington avenue with his stepfather.

The boy was an orphan of seventeen, with dark eyes, a strong, boyish face, chestnut hair, and a hot, passionate, yet courageous nature, and having an excellent education, was studying law when his mother died.

She left him half a million, which he was to get from the guardianship of Giles Gifford, his stepfather, when he came of age; but the terms of her will stipulated that if the boy died ere gaining his majority, Gifford was to inherit the money, estate and a shipping business which he managed.

Joe and his stepfather never could agree, somehow, as the man was very tyrannical, and never liked the young law student; but as he had nothing and was dependent upon Joe for his income, he had to treat the boy with more deference than he cared to.

Dismounting from his wheel, the boy entered the house, changed his clothes, and was going downstairs to supper, when he passed the parlor door, and Gifford, who stood in the room, called him in.

"I have a word to say to you, Joe French," he exclaimed, in rather ugly tones. "It is my intention to put you to work in the office to-morrow. I have recently bought a ship with borrowed money, and as she has a cargo of freight on board and sails to-morrow, I need your help."

"But how about my school work?" asked Joe, in surprise.

"Let it rip! My business is more important than your school," the man replied harshly. "If the cruise of the Romany Lass proves to be successful, I will own her outright, and be independent of my commission as trustee of your estate. She runs to Santo Domingo, and—"

"See here, sir," said the boy firmly, "I don't intend to give up my studies for you or your business! If you need a clerk, hire one!"

"What! You dirty little hound! Dare you disobey me? Hold your impudent tongue, confound you, or I'll break every bone in your body."

He flew into a rage, and with an ugly scowl upon his brow, he seized a chair, raised it threateningly and sprang toward the boy.

He was bringing the chair down toward Joe's head, when the boy struck him a blow in the face with his fist that knocked him down.

A yell of fury pealed from the man's lips, and his head struck the floor, depriving him of his senses the next moment.

The ghastly look upon his face filled Joe with horror, and he thought for a moment that the unlucky blow had killed the man.

Overwhelmed by a panic, he recoiled from the body, and rushing out into the hall with visions of the gallows staring him in the face, he put on his hat and fled from the house.

For some time the boy wandered aimlessly through the dark, deserted streets, his mind in a whirl over the crime he had committed, and when he came to a realization of this position, he found himself down by the North River side.

Near by there was a ship on which the stevedores were loading the last of her cargo, by which Joe knew that she was to depart the next day, and he stealthily made his way on board, and entering the captain's cabin, he ensconced himself in a locker and sat down.

Before he had been there an hour he was so wearied by the walk and the excitement he passed through, that he fell fast asleep.

How long this state of oblivion lasted Joe did not know, but he was finally awakened by the hum of voices out in the cabin, and, listening intently, he heard two men talking in low tones.

"Ay, now, I'll do ther job fer one thousan' dollars, sir," he heard a very gruff voice remark. "I've done sich work for other shipowners besides you, Giles Gifford, an' I never bungles a job."

"Then here is the money, Captain Tom Brady," replied another and very familiar voice.

"My stepfather!" gasped the listening boy, thrilled through and through.

It certainly was the man whom he imagined he had killed, and it then dawned upon Joe's mind that Bifford had simply been knocked senseless.

"Right!" he heard Captain Brady, who evidently commanded this ship, say.

"Very well," returned Gifford, in satisfied tones. "We understand each other. For this money you are to scuttle the Romany Lass when you are within one day's sail of Port au Prince, and upon your return swear to the underwriters that she sprung a leak and foundered."

"Ay, sir," assented the gruff captain. "I understand. Ha' you a heavy insurance?"

"Very, for nearly one-half of her cargo, which has been manifested in the Custom House as general merchandise, for clearance, really consists of shavings, waste paper and sand."

Joe was shocked beyond measure over this exposure of their villainy.

But upon trying to get out he found that the locker door had closed with a spring lock, which could only be opened on the outside.

Not knowing what to do, the boy reflected that if he made a noise and exposed his presence there, the captain would suspect that he had overheard the plot, and might attempt to injure him to keep the secret.

Joe wisely kept still, and, several hours afterwards he knew by the commotion going on that a tug had the ship in tow, and was hauling her out into the stream.

There was no going back for the boy now, and he had to make up his mind to make a voyage in the Romany Lass.

Day had broken and no one entered the cabin, as the captain was busy outside on deck, getting his craft out of the harbor.

The dreary morning passed away, and the ship began to rock and toss, roll and pitch, and Joe became deathly sick in the confined atmosphere.

of the locker, and lay there groaning and vomiting.

No one came near him till nightfall, when the skipper entered his cabin to have his supper, and heard the boy's moans.

"A stowaway, by thunder!" he roared, as he opened the locker door, saw the sick boy, and roughly dragged him out into the cabin by his coat collar.

"Don't touch me! Oh, I'm so sick!" gasped poor Joe faintly.

"Blast you, what are yer a-doin' aboard o' my craft?" roared Brady, glaring down at the hapless runaway as he lay doubled up on the floor.

For obvious reasons, Joe refrained from stating his case, and resorted to the time-worn excuse that he merely wanted to be a sailor.

"Ho, ho! a sailor, hey?" he roared. "Waal, I'll teach yer ter be a sailor!"

The captain then went out and apprised the men that he had just discovered a stowaway on board, and ordered a couple of them to carry him from the cabin into the forecastle.

It was two days afterward before Joe was able to get up, although, in the meantime, the skipper made several attempts to get him out, and when he crept up on deck he was badly disfigured.

No sooner had the boy made his appearance when the brutal captain espied him, and put him to work doing the worst and hardest drudgery on the ship.

On the seventh day out from port he stood on the forward deck coiling a rope, when Captain Brady strode up to him.

"See here!" he exclaimed roughly, as he paused in front of the boy, "I hev been a-thinkin' fer some time as you might a-been in that 'ere locker on ther night yer came aboard, an' heered all wot me an' a friend o' mine wuz a-sayin' to each other. Now, didn't yer?"

"Yes—every word!"

"Look out, my lad! Before yer kin harm me, yer may die!"

One night, while Joe was leaving the forecastle to go on watch, the mate called him, and said the captain wanted him to go down into the hold to fetch up a box of fish for the cook.

When he got down in the hold, he approached the case from which he intended to take the box, when he heard a quick footstep behind him, and turned just in time to see Captain Brady spring from behind a pile of freight, armed with a marlinspike.

Before the boy could utter a word, Brady dealt him a crushing blow with the instrument and felled him senseless.

When the stricken boy recovered his senses, he found himself bound hand and foot and securely gagged, lying on a heap of barrels.

He saw the lantern he had carried gleaming at one side of the hold, and saw the captain, armed with an auger, boring innumerable holes in the ship's hull, through which the sea water was pouring.

Having finished his work, the captain left the hold.

Presently he heard a commotion above.

"The boy has scuttled ther ship!" he heard Brady yell.

The boats were lowered, and one after another departed on the gloomy sea, heading for the southward.

Faster poured the water into the hold, lower sunk the doomed ship, and as the rising brine lapped around his body Joe gave up all hope of life.

But just then he saw the mate come down the hatchway ladder with a lantern to see how the water had gained, and as he came to a pause in arm's reach of the boy he saw him and the state he was in.

It then dawned upon his mind that Joe was innocent and the victim of some one else who must have committed this outrageous crime.

Convinced of this, the man grasped the boy, cut his bonds, and cried:

"This is a trick! Follow me up on deck, my lad!"

When he reached the deck he found that the boat containing Brady had gone, and then he told the mate and the three men his story.

They were horrified; but they had to leave the sinking ship, and all hands scrambled into the remaining quarterboat, which had been provided with a sail and jury mast, and pulled away.

Soon afterwards the Romany Lass sunk.

Five days of intense suffering followed, for they sighted neither land nor a friendly sail, and the pangs of hunger and thirst half maddened the unfortunate castaways.

On the seventh day, Joe sat in the stern sheets of the boat, steering, beside the mate, when a seagull flew by overhead, and the starving crew observed the dorsal fins of several sharks in the water following them.

"That's a sure sign of death!" remarked the boy.

His words came true, for within an hour afterwards one of the poor castaways, in a fit of desperate madness, flung himself into the sea, and the sharks pounced upon his body and carried it down in the depths.

Night settled down, and the despairing crew saw no hope.

But it brought the castaways good tidings, for a steamship loomed up at midnight, and its watch, hearing their cries, saw them.

They were picked up and nourished back to life.

The steamer, fortunately, was bound for New York, and in due course of time it arrived there and the castaways went ashore.

Joe's first care was to notify the authorities of Giles Gifford and Captain Brady's villainy, which the saved castaways corroborated.

He then went home, accompanied by an officer and the sailors, and when the servant admitted them, they found Joe's stepfather and the rascally skipper, who had got safely to land, in consultation over the supposed success of their plot.

Taken by surprise, they were easily arrested and lodged in jail.

In due course of time they were convicted upon Joe's evidence, which the sailors substantiated, and were sentenced to prison.

Joe's fortune was then put in the care of a responsible man, and the boy resumed his law studies until he graduated.

FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

NEW YORK, JANUARY 28, 1921.

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ITEMS OF INTEREST

CAMELS PUT TO WORK IN WARSAW.

Camels hauling long trains of small carts are frequently seen in the streets of Warsaw, one soldier acting as driver with other soldiers looking after the vehicles. The camels are used by the army authorities in the transport of goods about the city and suburbs, having been trained for this kind of service by Russians. The animals were captured from the Bolsheviks by the Poles in a drive on the northern front last summer.

FERRYMAN HAS NEW WAY.

Leslie Cull, ferryman at Rudellia, Ark., ferries his foot passengers partly on his boat and partly on his back. The river is so low that the boat can't land at the bank on this side of the river. It hangs on a shallow bar about fifteen feet from the bank. The teams and cars can make it all right, but the footmen can't. But Leslie does not lose any business on this account. He packs them on his back from bank to the boat, then floats them across.

FOWLS WORK RANCH.

W. J. Little of Pasadena, Cal., has devised a scheme that not only doubled his profits but has lessened his work in caring for his orange trees. He has hit upon the idea of combining an orange ranch with a chicken ranch.

By scattering grain between two rows of orange trees he gets his land worked by the chickens scratching for the grain.

Starting at one side of the field, he scatters grain between two rows each day, and when the other side is reached he recovers the territory in the same manner. Dust kicked up by the chickens in the summer time is a cure for scales on orange trees, Little added. For his ranch of three acres Little has 1,500 chickens, which he claims is the right proportion.

HUNTERS KILL 500 WILD GOATS.

The Pacific Fleet News, organ of the U. S. S. New Mexico, in its issue of Nov. 15 states that the Fleet hunting party which left in a train tug on Nov. 8 for Catalina Island, Southern California, in charge of Major H. F. Wrigman, U. S.

M. C., being composed of a number of officers from various ships of the fleet, with seventy-five bluejackets and marines, returned on Nov. 12. The News adds: "They reported a very enjoyable trip and the slaughter of about 500 wild goats. They were quartered very comfortably in the old army barracks at Isthmus Cove. Each morning the party took the motor sailer and disembarked at the west end of the isthmus. Line was formed on the ridges and the goats driven out of the valleys and shot as they came up the hills. Detachments from the U. S. S. New Mexico, Idaho, Mississippi, New York and Wyoming and the blue-jacket pioneers from the New Mexico formed the party of about ninety in all. Isthmus Cove is an ideal camping ground, with water already piped along roads and plenty of wood handy. If the necessary permission can be obtained it is intended to take the Fleet marine regiment over to the island for a week's camping and field firing when the fleet schedule permits.

LAUGHS

"Were you a bull or a bear when you went into Wall Street?" "Neither, I was one of the fellows they were both after."

Mr. Flubb.—This affair is horribly dull. I guess I'll go home. Miss Clip—That would remove some of the dulness, Mr. Flubb.

Hank Stubbs—Ev'rybuddy orter lay up some-
thin' fur a rainy day. Bige Miller—I s'pose that's the reason they's so much kickin' over the drouth.

Millicent—What was the first bird the Pilgrims saw when they landed? Evelyn—The turkey? Millicent—No; the tommyhawk.

He—Why does the maid decline to clean my coat with benzine? She—Since the chauffeur jilted her she can't stand the smell of it.

Little Nephew—Auntie, did you marry an Indian? Aunt—Why do you ask such silly questions, Freddie? Little Nephew—Well, I saw some scalps on your dressing-table.

First Student—How is it you jay so little attention of late to your personal appearance? You should remember "clothes make the man." Second Student—Yes, but I can't find a man to make the clothes.

A mother of four daughters, one of whom had recently married, cornered an eligible young man in the drawing-room. "And which of my girls do you most admire, might I ask?" "The married one," was the reply.

Church—I see a concern has a large thermometer in front of their place of business that can be consulted only by dropping a penny in a slot. Gotham—I suppose the proprietor looks for some change in the thermometer every day.

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST

ADmits DEFEAT OF GERMAN FLEET.

In reviewing the secret report of Admiral von Scheer, of the German navy to the Kaiser, recently made public, the *Vossische Zeitung*, of Berlin, candidly admits the defeat of the German High Sea Fleet at Jutland, and says, in part: "What was the result? The German fleet was put out of condition to fight for ten weeks at least. Certainly the British losses were greater, but a little blood letting is nothing to a giant, though fatal to a weaker adversary. The German fleet fought out the fight honorably against superior forces. That it did not achieve victory is not a reproach which should be leveled against it any more than that the unfortunate result of the whole war should be regarded as a fault of the German people."

SEIZE 700 LIQUOR AUTOS.

The statement that 1,800 persons had been arrested and 700 liquor carrying automobiles seized by a flying squadron of eighty Federal Prohibition enforcement officers since July 1 in breaking up illicit transportation of liquor between New York and Boston was made by William J. McCarthy, enforcement agent for New England. Closest attention is now being paid to Connecticut, Mr. McCarthy said.

Automobiles with special tank compartments for accommodation of liquor, piano cases, orange crates and furniture vans were mentioned as among the most popular ways of moving liquor. Tanks concealed within seat cushions and behind the upholstering of sedan cars have been discovered.

Mr. McCarthy asserted that Springfield, Worcester, Lowell and Providence had been practically closed as avenues for liquor destined for Boston.

A RIVAL OF THE STEAM WHISTLE.

It may be that the steam whistle in time will be a matter of past history; at least, the steam whistle is steadily losing ground in favor of the electric siren, which has proved considerably more efficient in more ways than one.

In industries large and small, in mines, factories, foundries—wherever a warning signal with greater range and more distinction in tone than the steam whistle is required—the electric siren has been found to fill a long felt need. The electric siren is clear, unmistakable, most distinctive. It cannot be confused with any other sound. While a boiler full of steam is needed for the steam whistle, the electric siren may be operated from any number of places through the factory by a simple turn of the switch. It is always ready, dependable, fool-proof, insignificant in upkeep cost. The electric siren can be either large or small—large enough for the largest works, and small enough for use in any department of such works, where it must signal through the noise and din of incessant toil and bustling activity.

KILLED BY RIFLE HE FOUND.

Several weeks ago in a lot near his home, No. 2364 62d street, Brooklyn, fifteen-year-old Wesley Carpenter found five parts of a 22-calibre rifle and took them home. After school each day he had quietly worked in his room assembling them.

The other Saturday night the rifle was in working order. Wesley slipped in a cartridge and pulled the trigger. There was no discharge, and twice more he tried, but failed to explode the cartridge. An hour later his sixteen-year-old brother Howard came to the room to retire.

Lying near the bed, shot through the head, lay Wesley. It is believed he looked into the muzzle of the rifle to ascertain the failure of it to fire and it accidentally went off.

His father, Howard Carpenter, telephoned to the Coney Island Hospital for an ambulance, but, according to him, when more than an hour had passed and none was sent, he took the boy to the institution in a friend's automobile. Wesley died a few hours later. The hospital authorities say that the delinquency in answering the call was because the one ambulance allotted to them was out on another call.

FRENCH CLOSE LAST SLAVE MARKET.

What is believed to have been the last slave market in existence in the world has just been wiped out by the French authorities.

When French troops entered the sacred city of Ouezzan, in Morocco, a short time ago, they discovered the slave market still in existence.

On the very day the French arrived a long caravan approached the city bringing in several score of slaves of both sexes, captured of slave hunters in the unexplored regions to the south. The slave hunters fled and the entire crowd of slaves were liberated by the French.

For many decades, perhaps centuries, the slave auction had been a monthly feature of life in Ouezzan. The caravan arrived as a rule early in the month and hundreds of buyers flocked into the city for the auctions and the accompanying festivals.

On the day of the opening of the sale all the human "stock" was placed in a circular enclosure in an open place near the center of the city. Slave buyers wandered about discussing the merits of the "stock" like connoisseurs at an automobile show.

Unmarried women usually brought double the price of those who were married and there was always a lively competition for the most beautiful of the unmarried girls. The highest price was paid for men with good physiques.

According to natives of Ouezzan, the slaves were generally well treated. Some of the women were received into their masters' homes almost on equal footing with wives. The slave dealers were forced to share part of the proceeds of the sale with the city.

INTERESTING NEWS ARTICLES

WELL DIGGERS EAGER.

Well diggers of Hiawatha, Kan., are not scarce if there is something to dig.

It was five years ago when a farmer came home from St. Joseph with two dozen bottles of beer and eight quarts of high proof whisky. It was a hot afternoon. The farmer put the refreshments into a grain sack.

The sack he lowered into a dug well. Either the bottom of the sack gave way or the rope slipped off. Anyway, the booze went to the bottom of the well. And there it rests.

The well is about thirty feet deep, walled with rock. It is said to be infected with gas. But everybody in the neighborhood knows what the well contains.

Planning to repair the well, the farmer advertised for workmen a few days ago. He has had more than a dozen applicants from all parts of Brown County.

HIS IMPERSONATOR.

Maxim Gorky, the playwright and radical writer, had an unusual experience when traveling in America during his exile from Russia, according to a story going the rounds of London. Among the towns he visited was Georgetown, S. C., where he found one of his own plays, "The Lower Depths," billed, together with an announcement that "at the end of the performance the author will appear in person to salute and thank the audience."

Gorky naturally went to enjoy this treat, and found that when the curtain fell after the last act of his play a man made up to resemble him came before the footlights and told the audience in broken English how flattered he felt at the reception accorded his drama. Going round to the stage door, Gorky tackled his impersonator, who confessed that he had perpetrated the same fraud in many small towns.

"I have also," he added, "passed myself off as Rostand, Sudermann and Maurice Donnay. It pleases the public and does the real authors no harm."

Gorky was so amused at the man's cheek that he promised not to expose him, and refrained from disclosing his identity during the remainder of his brief stay in Georgetown.

LIBERTY BONDS WILL JUSTIFY YOUR FAITH.

Slowly but surely the price of Liberty bonds continues to rise, declares the Tonopah Times. The most notable thing about the situation is that this price increase persists in the face of a falling market for other securities, including those of business concerns of known strength and sustained prosperity. When the price of government securities was at a low ebb and many of these industrial stocks were rising and paying high

rates of interest, many people sold their Liberty bonds to buy the industrial stocks. To-day the latter sell for less in the financial centers than the former.

The present situation is a pleasing commentary on the stability of this government, which has weathered the storms of war and reconstruction, and is emerging sound and solvent. It is a good lesson, too, on patience and conservatism in investment, and a fair illustration of the fact that the great underlying principles of business are neither wiped out nor rendered ineffective by any temporary disturbance, even that of war.

Those who labored to sell Liberty bonds to their fellow citizens will rejoice at the vindication of their faith and their efforts. The bonds did their full share toward winning the war. Nobody can doubt that. And now they are proving an increasingly good investment for those wise enough or fortunate enough to hold onto them.

—BUY W. S. S.—

WAR'S NEWEST INVENTIONS.

The World War left behind it a fascinating subject for speculation—what dreadful sort of engines, says a correspondent in the Manchester Guardian, will the submarine and the aeroplane be when we enter "the next war"? Technical progress is constantly being made, though little may be heard of each separate step. For instance, so far the submarine has been cut off from all communication with the rest of the world when it was submerged; only when on the surface of the water could it communicate with land stations or other vessels. The electric waves penetrate sea water with great difficulty, and the receiving instruments in submerged boats have hitherto been unable to detect and interpret them. But now the finer development of the instruments is making it possible to receive slighter and fainter waves than they had yet been able to take note of. The barrier is being broken down, and just as the radius first of wireless telegraphy and then of wireless telephony has been steadily expanding, so we can foresee the time when submerged ships will communicate freely and over long distances with one another.

At present it is only a beginning; the radius of communication falls away steeply as soon as the aerials of the boats are submerged. The Wireless World is quoted to the effect that if a submarine running at full speed on the surface in a heavy sea has a range of fifty miles, its range will sink to twelve miles when its aerials are just submerged and to three miles when they are nine feet below the surface. Even that is not negligible, but the imagination leaps to the time when submarines lying on the floor of the sea will peacefully concert their plans by wireless; when the admiralty will be able to plot the positions of submerged merchant fleets, and when submarines, guided by wireless messages, will nose about in the depths of the sea for the hidden merchantmen.

TRAVELING SAND DUNES

As one makes the ascent of the Andes - from the Pacific port of Molendo, Peru, following the line of the Southern of Peru Railway, the climb to the divide is broken by two great steps or wide-spreading shelves of desert or pampa.

On the first of these steps, about two hours' steep climb from the sea, and at an altitude of from 4,000 to 5,000 feet, are located the famous-drifting sand hills of Peru. The plateau is here about 20 miles wide, the air thin and dry and no trace of vegetation to be seen—only these gigantic crescent-shaped sand dunes dotting the pampa as far as the eye can see. Composed of fine, gray crystal sand, they gleam white against the brown of the desert, and their horns point toward the prevailing south wind of this region. They are from 15 to 25, or even 30, feet high, 20 feet in breadth across the thick part of the crescent and sometimes 100 feet from horn to horn. So tightly is the sand packed that the feet of the horses or mules make little impression on it.

These sand hills, called mendanos travel with almost imperceptible slowness, writes G. E. McDonald in the Scientific American.



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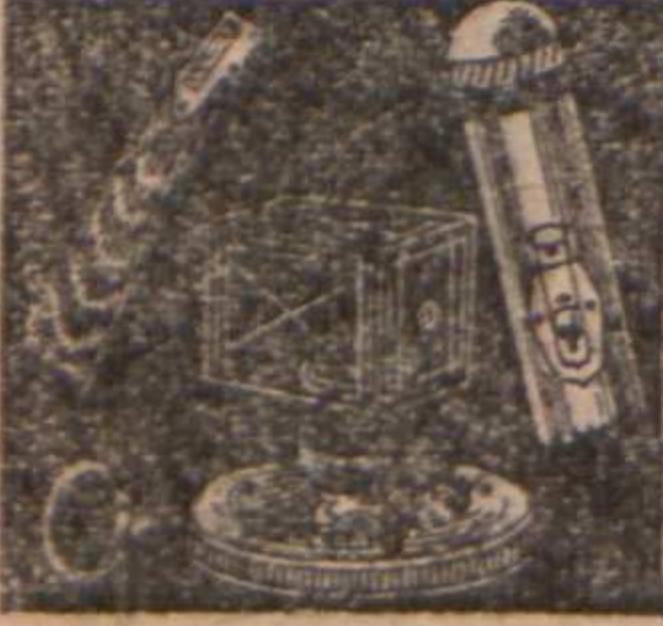
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The top of Mont Blanc fell off November 26 and started an enormous avalanche, which rolled down into Italy along the gorge of the Brenva Glacier, destroying in its course the whole forest of Pourtud.

The origin of the avalanche was unknown till yesterday, when the weather cleared, and a powerful telescope could be brought to bear on the mountain. Then it was found that part of the limestone pyramid which forms the summit of the greatest mountain mass in Europe had split and fallen.

The avalanche was one of the biggest and most destructive known for some time. The rock and ice tumbling from the summit dislodged immense snow fields, which in turn tore out rock, and the great mass went rumbling down the mountainside for nearly ten miles. It plunged along the glacier bed, leaped the valley of the Doire, throwing pine trees and boulders about like corks in a waterfall, and came to rest almost miraculously at the entrance to the little Italian village of Pourtud. Several houses, which stood almost in its path, were spared by a width of only a few yards, and so far no less of life has been reported.

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Tattooing is the mechanical introduction of pigments under the skin and a very well known process. The pigments employed are carbon cinnabar, carmine and indigo.

Most methods employed to remove these marks, says Science and Invention, are by a reactive and a destructive inflammation which will result in the formation of a crust, later cast off together with the tattooed markings. One method is to re-tattoo the marks with a solution of 30 parts of zinc chlorid and 40 parts of water. A mild inflammation will result; a crust forms and about a week later this falls off, leaving a scar which gradually heals. Later a repetition of this may be necessary. This may be done by the professional tattooer.

The second method is to tattoo again, making the punctures close together after the design has been drawn over with a concentrated solution of tannin. A stick of silver nitrate is then firmly drawn over the surface and after a period of several minutes it is then wiped off. This is far more effective than the first and less scar forms.

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